National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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THE STANDARD.

OPPOSITION FROM PROFESSED FRIENDS.

From Frederick Douglass's Paper.

THE Boston *Liberator*, the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, and the *Pennsylvania Freeman* (non-voting journals), have opened what they evidently mean shall prove a very galling and destructive fire upon *Frederick Douglass's Paper*. It is believed hereabouts, and that not without some very convincing data, that the paper in question has never been looked upon with unbounded favour by the amiable conductors of those journals. It is also believed, that, so far from desiring the existence of such a paper, the generous parties in question have regarded the HOW to accomplish its destruction a very interesting problem. For the first year or two of its existence, Calhoun's policy of "masterly inactivity" was thought well of, and put in practice. All the lecturing agents, under the auspices of "*the Board*," were suddenly withdrawn from the locality in which the paper was established, supposing, doubtless, that in the absence of these, there would be little Anti-Slavery sentiment created to sustain the paper; and as all papers conducted by *coloured men* before had failed, they probably thought that time and the inactivity referred to would speedily do the work. "Two years," said one of these amiable friends, "and the *North Star* will follow the fate of all preceding coloured newspapers." But God and our cause raised up friends for our paper, and it continued to live beyond the limits thus prophetically allotted to it. Then the killing process of *faint praise* was resorted to, and that failed. Then brother *William P. Powell* was got (being himself a coloured man, and considerable of a wit, withal, he could do it more successfully) to write a series of articles against it, for the columns of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, with a view to destroy all confidence in it. Powell did his work well, for he is a man of talent; but the paper still lived, and, according to the measure of its ability and the extent of its influence, it continued to plead the cause of the slave, and the *Free Coloured man*. After Powell, came Remond and Purvis (two coloured men of spirit, and men of note, the one rich, and the other prospectively so), and proffered their services to hunt down the "wayward fugitive." These men came to Rochester, under the smiles of the platform, charged with the annihilation of the paper. Remond, it should be remarked, was, previously to this time, in very bad odour with the enemies of the paper; for, while gallantly prosecuting the *cause* in Philadelphia, he had uttered some very telling complaints against the course pursued by the white Abolitionists of that city towards the coloured people. Charles wanted to get back into their favour, and, therefore, hit upon the happy thought of uniting with Purvis in the good work of our demolition. Ever since this, Charles has stood well with the old Society; and, for aught that we can see, he has become a *very pillar* of the temple. The part assigned to Mr. Remond, in the good work at Rochester, required a large quantity of brass, but he proved himself fully equal to it. It was to denounce *Frederick Douglass's Paper* as a Colonization concern! Purvis was to charge its editor (as does the *Freeman*) with base ambition; with a design to displace the captain of the Anti-Slavery ship, Mr. Garrison, and to place himself at the helm! All this was regarded, by sensible men in Rochester, and elsewhere, as a most ridiculous farce, for it was known that the charges were without the slightest foundation. The next step in this eventful history is what took place at Framingham, a few weeks since. We were there asked (under a menacing scowl) to say *why* we did not *deny* that certain distinguished gentlemen are *infidels?* to which we simply replied, we *did* not because we thought we *could not do so truthfully*. The second day after that, somebody spoke a good word for *Frederick Douglass's Paper*, in Boston, and asked, at a meeting of coloured people, for subscribers, when (taking his cue from Wendell Phillips) Wm. C. Nell, with a harmless air, a bowed-down look, and a cat-like step, arose to put the coloured people on their guard against sustaining a paper inimical, as he alleged, to Mr. Garrison. Believing him to have acted as "*a tool*" in the matter, we called him a "*tool*" and being warm at the moment of writing, we called him "*a contemptible tool*." Well, now the battles commences in earnest. The *Liberator*, the most warlike chief of its tribe, whose slaughter of intractable friends has become as notorious as any other fact connected with its history, comes out with *seven extracts* from *Frederick Douglass's Paper*. The extracts are selected with artistic skill, and arranged with the happiest regard to the designed effect, that being to exhibit the editor of *Frederick Douglass's Paper* to the worst possible advantage before the readers of the *Liberator*. To help on this charitable design, an introductory remark is flung in to assist the dull understanding in comprehending the dark spirit that could dictate such "*blood and thunder*." If anything is said in one part of an article culled from "*Douglass's Paper*," which would throw a redeeming light upon the man who wrote it, the editorial scissors (those useful accompaniments of the editorial table), by clipping off just a *leetle* at each end, make the thing fit exactly. Then, too, the articles are all appropriately numbered, I., II., III., IV., V., VI., VII. All this is followed by a promise of something terrible "next week"! "Next week" comes, but the "strictures" (or castigation) are deferred, so that the punishment is still in reserve. But there is another promise, that retribution, though long delayed, will come at last; and come it will, no doubt, for the *Liberator's* temper is evidently up to it.

Taking advantage of the delay, the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, edited by Oliver Johnson (that devoted friend of the slave, who can edit the *Tribune* with Clay at its head, or the *Bugle* with "*No Union with Slaveholders!*" at its head, and be as acceptable to his friends, and, apparently, as much at peace with himself in the one position as in the other), catches the note of preparation from head quarters, and, without waiting the voice of the prophet, speaks right out to the surprise of all; for, hitherto, the *Standard* has not been greatly gifted in speech. This broad column and a quarter, which it pours out upon us, is remarkable for adroit misstatement; and shows the writer of it nigh the head of his class in the school of misrepresentation. Perhaps the *worst* feature in the article is the total absence of *heart* which it manifests. It evinces talent, but it is a *cold* sort of talent—having neither sympathies nor adhesiveness. You feel, when reading it, that the author could easily have been induced to have written as well on the other side.

After the *Standard*, comes the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, from "*the city of brotherly love*." It brings along to the good cause a little more than two columns, all of a quality quite characteristic. Approaching its victim haltingly, with dagger wreathed with roses, it smiles, takes out its cambric of faultless white, wipes away the copious perspiration (for the effect is a great one), stabs and retires, uttering a sanctimonious wail of regret that the assassination is necessary. Next week, it is the *Liberator's* turn; after that, the *Bugle's*, and possibly the *Practical Christian's*; but certainly the *Bugle's*; for, though a little tardy, the *Bugle* is true, and may be counted on with safety, IN A GREAT EMERGENCY LIKE THIS.

Now, it would be the veriest affectation to pretend to utter indifference to such attacks. The men who make them are powerful men, and powerful agents. An Abolitionist who falls under their condemnation may expect "*no quarter*." The spirit which animates them is industrious and sleepless; and they pursue and punish to the last; nevertheless, humble as we are, and mighty as are the influences arrayed against us, we cannot but congratulate ourselves that the war upon us is, at last, an *open* one. Let no one suppose, however, from our manner of disposing of these assaults, that we have been brought *hastily* to our present opinion of our assailants. We have neither been brought hastily nor willingly to this result. It has required nearly six years, scattered all along with incidents painfully illustrating to us the settled hostility of Boston and Philadelphia Abolitionists to the existence of our independent sheet. Unable to use us for partisan purposes, they have determined to establish the conviction, in Anti-Slavery circles, that our intractable conduct is owing to "*ambition*," "*selfishness*," "*aggrandizement*," "*early degradation*," and the like.

Of course, no sensible friend of ours—no one who has the Anti-Slavery cause really at heart—can wish us to reply in detail to facts so numerous—so endless—from so many quarters—so evidently planned and made under the influence of a spirit which is so obviously malicious. Besides, the thing is completely beyond us; for, as Johnson in the *Standard* says, we cannot hope to perform miracles; and certainly it would require miraculous power to discharge the numerous duties devolving upon us, and yet to reply to all the attacks now so systematically made upon us. For reasons such as these, we have partly made up our mind to use philosophy in the matter—to give our assailants the field—to take their united and repeated blows—and to abide, with patience and resignation, the wrathful and pitiless storm—well knowing that, in the end, the right will be triumphant.

From the same.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 9th, 1853.

Well, I have had a busy week in Boston; and it will hardly be believed, by the Anti-Slavery reader, that much of my work has been to defend the late Coloured National Convention from the ill-natured and treacherous misrepresentations of its private and public enemies. I had thought, till I came to Boston, that the coloured people were about unanimous in commending the character and action of that Convention; and was much surprised that both *Remond and Purvis* had been here, and had handed the Convention, and its most important doings, over to condemnation. The "*National Council*" came in for an especial measure of these gentlemen's galls. Surprised at this feeling towards the Council, I was not, however, surprised that the writer hereof was handled roughly by these gentlemen. He expects nothing else from them, neither now or hereafter. They have not ceased to seek his Anti-Slavery destruction since they sought to blast him in Rochester. It is about time that they knew their malice is despised, and their assaults defied. The object of their vengeance is a *free man*, and, by the help of God, he will remain so. Neither sudden prosperity nor blood-stained riches can bow his spirit before malicious and sycophantic foes. The grief which he felt at the treachery of his old friends, a year ago, has given way to a feeling *far* more enduring than grief. But enough is said on this point. It is indeed extraordinary that *Remond, Nell* and *Purvis*, three coloured men, should be found among the most untiring enemies of the existence of the only paper devoted to the interests of the coloured people, and published by one of their number; and this fact shows to which side they belong. I hold them as my bitterest enemies, and the *practical* enemies of the coloured people.

From the Liberator.

BYBERRY, Philadelphia Co., } August 22, 1853. }

DEAR FRIEND GARRISON: I see by *Frederick Douglass's Paper* of the 12th instant, that I am most maliciously referred to by its editor. Now you were present at the meeting in Boston where I made a few remarks, by way of explanation of something our friend Remond had said, in which I made no allusion whatever to Douglass, as you can testify; nor did I, as you can bear witness, exhibit any "gall" in relation to the "National Council." Whatever opinion I expressed—and the right to express an opinion I presume is still left me—was properly and becomingly done, as I supposed, without offending any one present or absent from the meeting. I beg you would say so much for me through your paper. As touching the matter of the "*blood-stained riches*" to which this shameless ingrate and base slanderer alludes, I have but to say, that my father (from whom I inherited my property) was never a slaveholder—that he made his money as a merchant, by honest mercantile pursuits—and was known while living as a friend and benefactor of the free and enslaved coloured man (as there are now living witnesses to testify). My own early detestation of Slavery was owing, doubtless, to the seeds implanted in my bosom by my revered parent, by furnishing me with Dr. Torrey's Portraiture of Slavery, and the work entitled "Sandford and Merton." But why pursue this matter? A life's consistent hatred of Slavery in every form, a willingness, to the best of my ability, to do and suffer with my oppressed brethren, to maintain a reputation "unspotted before the world," and thereby live down the calumnies of the enemies of our race, is, in the fury and violence of this meanly ambitious man and foul-mouthed slanderer, of no account. To gratify his ire, and serve his bitter and malignant spirit, I am pronounced as being "practically an enemy of the coloured people."

Yours, ever and truly,

ROBERT PURVIS.

Selections.

THE UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

[Extract from an Address by HON. W. H. SEWARD, at the dedication of Capital University, Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 14, 1853.]

THERE certainly is a political philosophy which teaches that Nations like individuals are equal, moral, social, responsible persons, existing not for objects of merely selfish advantage and enjoyment, but for the performance of duty, which duty consists in elevating themselves and all mankind as high as possible in knowledge and virtue; that the Human Race is one in its origin, its rights, its duties and its destiny; that throughout the rise, progress and decline of Nations, one divine purpose runs—the increasing felicity and dignity of Human Nature; and that true greatness or glory, whether of individuals or of nations, is justly measured, not by the territory they compass, or the wealth they accumulate, or the fear they inspire, but by the degree in which they promote the accomplishment of that great and beneficent design of the Creator of the Universe.

"The great end and object of life" (said Socrates) "is the perfection of the intellect; the great moral duty of man is knowledge; and the object of all knowledge is one, namely Truth, the Good, the Beautiful, the Divine Reason."

So also Plato taught that "Man ought to strive after and devote himself to the contemplation of the One, the Eternal, the Infinite."

Cicero wrote, "There are those who deny that any bond of law or of association for purposes of common good exists among citizens. This opinion subverts all union in a state. There are those who deny that any such bond exists between themselves and strangers, and this opinion destroys the community of the Human Race."

Bacon declared that there was in man's nature a secret love of others, which, if not contracted, would expand and embrace all men."

These maxims proceed on the principle of the unity of the race, and of course of a supreme law regulating the conduct of men and nations upon the basis of absolute justice and equality. Locke adopted them when he inculcated that, while there was a "law of popular opinion or reputation," which in society was "the measure of virtue and vice," and while there was a civil law, which in the state was "the measure of crime and innocence," there was also a divine law which extended over "all society and all states, and which was the "only touchstone of moral rectitude."

Guizot closed his recital of the decline of Roman civilization with these equally true and momentous reflections—"Had not the Christian Church existed "at this time, the whole world must have fallen a "prey to mere brute force. The Christian Church "alone possessed a moral power. It maintained "and promulgated the idea of a precept, of a law "superior to all human authority. It proclaimed "that great truth, which forms the only foundation "of our hope for Humanity, that there exists a law "above all human laws, which, by whatever name "it may be called, whether Reason the Law of "God, or what not, is at all times and in all places "the same, under different names."

It ought not to excite any surprise when I aver that this philosophy worked out the American Revolution. "Can anything" (said John Adams, in replying to one who had apologized for the stamp act), "Can anything not abominable have provoked "you to commence an enemy to Human Nature?"

Alexander Hamilton, though less necessary to the Revolution than John Adams, was even more necessary to the re-construction of society. He directed against the same odious stamp act the authority of British law as he found it written down by Blackstone. "The law of Nature, being coeval with God "himself, is of course superior to any other. It is "binding over all the globe, in all countries, and at "all times. No human laws are of any validity if "contrary to this, and such of them as are valid "derive all their authority mediately or immediately from this original." Then, as if desiring to stand on any mere human authority, however high, the framer of the American Constitution proceeded, "The sacred rights of mankind are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records. "They are written, as with a sunbeam, in the whole "volume of Human Nature, and can never be erased "or obscured by mortal power."

How justly Knox conceived the true character of the chief personage of the Revolution even at its very beginning: "The great and good Washington, "a name which shall shine with distinguished lustre "in the annals of History, a name dear to the "friends of the Liberties of Mankind."

La Fayette closed his review of the Revolution, when returning to France, with this glowing apostrophe: "May this great temple which we have "just erected to Liberty always be an instruction "to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, a refuge for the rights of the Human Race, and an "object of delight to the *manes* of its founders."

"Happy" (said Washington, when announcing the treaty of peace to the army), "Thrice happy "shall they be pronounced hereafter, who shall "have contributed anything, who shall have performed the meanest office in erecting this stupendous fabric of freedom and empire on the broad "basis of independency, who shall have assisted in "protecting the rights of human nature and establishing an asylum for the poor and oppressed of "all nations and religions."

You remember well that the Revolutionary Congress, in the Declaration of Independence, placed itself, in the momentous controversy between the Colonies and Great Britain, on the absolute and inherent equality of all men. It is not, however, so well understood that that body closed its existence on the adoption of the Federal Constitution with this solemn injunction addressed to the People of the United States, "Let it be remembered that it "has ever been the pride and boast of America, "that the Rights for which she contended were the "Rights of Human Nature."

No one will contend that our Fathers, after effecting the Revolution and the Independence of their country by proclaiming this system of beneficent political philosophy, established an entirely different one in the Constitution assigned to its government. This philosophy, then, is the basis of the American Constitution.

It is moreover a true philosophy, deduced from the nature of man and the character of the Creator. If there were no supreme law, then the world would be a scene of universal anarchy, resulting from the eternal conflict of peculiar institutions and antagonistic laws. There being such an universal law, if any human constitutions and laws differing from it could have any authority, then that universal law could not be supreme. That supreme law is necessarily based on the equality of nations, of races, and of men. It is a simple, self-evident basis. One nation, race, or individual, may not oppress or injure another, because the safety and welfare of each is essential to the common safety and welfare of all. If all are not equal and free, then who is entitled to be free? and what evidence of his superiority can he bring from nature or revelation? All men necessarily have a common interest in the promulgation and maintenance of these principles, because it is equally in the nature of men to be content with the enjoyment of their just rights, and to be discontented under the privation of them. Just so far as these principles practically prevail, the stringency of Government is safely relaxed, and peace and harmony obtain. But men cannot maintain these principles, or even comprehend them, without a very considerable advance in knowledge and virtue. The law of nations, designed to preserve peace among mankind, was unknown to the ancients. It has been perfected in our own times by means of the more general dissemination of knowledge and practice of the virtues inculcated by Christianity. To disseminate knowledge and to increase virtue therefore among men, is to establish and maintain the principles on which the recovery and preservation of their inherent natural rights depend, and the State that does this most faithfully, advances most effectually the common cause of Human Nature.

For myself, I am sure that this cause is not a dream, but a reality. Have not all men consciousness of a property in the memory of human transactions available for the same great purposes, the security of their individual rights and the perfection of their individual happiness? Have not all men a consciousness of the same equal interest in the achievements of invention, in the instructions of philosophy, and in the solaces of music and the arts? And do not these achievements, instructions and solaces, exert everywhere the same influences, and produce the same emotions in the bosoms of all men? Since all languages are convertible into each other by correspondence with the same agents, objects, actions and emotions, have not all men practically one common language? Since the constitutions and laws of all societies are only so many various definitions of the rights and duties of men, as those rights and duties are learned from Nature and Revelation, have not all men practically one code of moral duty? Since the religions of men in their various climes are only so many different forms of their devotion towards a Supreme and Almighty Power entitled to their reverence and receiving it under the various names of Jehovah, Jove and Lord, have not all men practically one religion? Since all men are seeking liberty and happiness for a season here, and to deserve and so to secure more perfect liberty and happiness somewhere in a future world, and since they all substantially agree that these temporal and spiritual objects are to be attained only through the knowledge of truth and the practice of virtue, have not mankind practically one common pursuit through one common way to one common and equal hope and destiny?

If there had been no such common Humanity as I have insisted upon, then the American people would not have enjoyed the sympathies of mankind when establishing institutions of civil and religious liberty here, nor would their establishment here have awakened in the nations of Europe and of South America desires and hopes of similar institutions there. If there had been no such common Humanity, then we should not, ever since the American Revolution, have seen human society throughout the world divided into two parties, the high and the low—the one perpetually foreboding and earnestly hoping the downfall, and the other as confidently predicting and as sincerely desiring the durability, of Republican Institutions. If there had been no such common Humanity, then we should not have seen this tide of emigration from insular and continental Europe flowing into our country through the channels of the St. Lawrence, the Hudson and the Mississippi—ebbing, however, always with the occasional rise of the hopes of freedom abroad, and always swelling again into greater volume when those premature hopes subside. If there were no such common Humanity, then the peasantry and the poor of Great Britain would not be perpetually appealing to us against the oppression of landlords on their farms, and work masters in their manufactories and mines; and so, on the other hand, we should not be, as we are now, perpetually framing apologies to mankind for the continuance of African Slavery among ourselves. If there were no such common Humanity, then the fame of Wallace would have long ago died away in his native mountains, and the name even of Washington would at most have been only a household word in Virginia, and not, as it is now, a watch-word of Hope and Progress throughout the world.

If there had been no such common Humanity, then, when the civilization of Greece and Rome had been consumed by the fires of human passion, the nations of Modern Europe could never have gathered from among its ashes the philosophy, the arts and the religion, which were imperishable, and reconstructed with those materials that best civilization which, amid the conflicts and fall of feudal and ecclesiastical systems, has been constantly advancing toward perfection in every succeeding age. If there had been no such common Humanity, then the dark and massive Egyptian obelisk would not have everywhere re-appeared in the sepulchral architecture of our own times, and the light and graceful orders of Greece and Italy would not, as now, have been the models of our villas and our dwellings, nor would the simple and lofty arch and the dalicate tracery of Gothic design have been, as it now is, everywhere consecrated to the service of religion.

If there had been no such common Humanity, then would the sense of the obligation of the Decalogue have been confined to the despised nation who received it from Mount Sinai, and the prophecies of Jewish seers and the songs of Jewish bards would have perished forever with their temple, and never afterward could they have become, as they now are, the universal utterance of the spiritual emotions and hopes of mankind. If there had been no such common Humanity, then certainly Europe and Africa and even new America would not, after the lapse of centuries, have recognised a common Redeemer from all the sufferings and perils of human life in a culprit who had been ignominiously executed in the obscure Roman province of Judea; nor would Europe have ever gone up in arms to Palestine to wrest from the unbelieving Turk the Tomb where that culprit had slept for only three days and nights after his descent from the cross; much less would his traditionary instructions, preserved by fishermen and publicans, have become the chief agency in the renovation of human society throughout coming ages.

But although this philosophy is most undeniably true, yet it would be a great error to believe that it has ever been or is likely soon to be universally accepted. Mankind accept philosophy just in proportion as intellectual and moral cultivation enable them to look through proximate to ultimate consequences. While they are deficient in that cultivation, peace and order, essential to the very existence of society, are necessarily maintained by force. Those who employ that force seek to perpetuate their power, and they do this most effectually by dividing classes and castes, races and nations, and arraying them for mutual injury or destruction against each other. Despotism effects and perpetuates this division by unequal laws subversive of those of reason and of God. Moreover, a common instinct of fear combines the oppressors of all nations in a league against the advance of that political philosophy which comes to liberate mankind. Those who inculcate this philosophy, therefore, necessarily encounter opposition and expose themselves to danger; and inasmuch as they labour from convictions of duty and motives of benevolence, with such hazards of personal safety, their principles and character are justly regarded as heroic. Adams, Hamilton, La Fayette, Knox and Washington, although they were the champions of human nature, a cause dear to all men, were saved from the revolutionary scaffold only by the success of their treason against a king whom the very necessities of society required to reign. Milton's "Defense of the People of England," which was in truth a promulgation of the same philosophy which we have been examining, was burned by the public executioner, and its immortal author only by good fortune escaped the same punishment. The American colonists derived this philosophy chiefly from the instructions of Locke, Sidney and Vane. Locke fled into exile, and Sidney and Vane perished as felons. Cicero, an earlier professor of the same philosophy, fell on the sword of a public assassin, and Socrates, who first inculcated it, drank the fatal hemlock, under a judicial sentence, in the jail of Athens.

Still this philosophy, although heroic, is by no means, therefore, to be regarded as unnecessary and visionary. The true heroic in human thought and conduct is only the useful in the higher regions of speculation and activity. If Republicanism, or purely popular Government, is the only form of political constitution which permits the development of liberty and equality, which are only other names for political justice, and if Republicanism can only be established by the overthrow of Despotism, then this philosophy is absolutely necessary to effect the freedom of mankind. All the citizens of this Republic agree with us thus far. But with many this is rather a speculation than a vital faith, and so they hesitate to allow full activity to the principles thus acknowledged, through fear of disturbing the harmony of society and the peace of the world. Nevertheless, it is clear that the same philosophy which brings Republican institutions into existence, must be exclusively relied upon to perpetuate and defend them. A tree may indeed stand and grow and flourish for many seasons, although it is unsound at the heart: but just because it is so unsound, its leaves will ultimately wither, its branches will fall, and its trunk will decay. It is only the house that is built upon the rock that can surely and forever defy the tempests and the waves.

ION'S REVIEW OF WENDELL PHILLIPS'S SPEECH.

To the Editor of the [London] Leader:

SIR: I have read very attentively the speech of Wendell Phillips, and the review of it written by your correspondent ION. As one who takes a deep interest in the subject of American Slavery (having spent several years in the United States), perhaps you will kindly permit me to say a few words in reply to your correspondent's strictures.

His principal objection to the proceedings of the American Abolitionists seems to be produced by the "denunciations" they level at the advocates of Slavery. But I really fail to understand how any monstrous evil can be faithfully assailed without the denunciatory style of writing and speaking being employed by its opponents. In dealing with a system like American Slavery (teeming as it does with such frightful iniquities), an Abolitionist cannot well avoid "abusing it." But ION talks of separating the sin from the sinner. There are certainly differences of opinion, and important ones too, which are perfectly allowable, and to which his theory would well apply. But it strikes me that no opinion, or act, which tramples upon self-evident and universally recognised principles of morality and justice should be subject to this charitable rule. If a man who perpetrates a burglary is denounced as "a robber," why should the man who steals another be exempt from the disgraceful but well-merited designation? Is an opprobrious epithet to be applied to the man who commits the minor offence, while he who is guilty of the infinitely greater crime is to be spoken of in mild terms, simply because he belongs to a powerful and "civilized" nation, which is deeply involved in the same iniquity? For God's sake, let us call things by their right names.

The *Leader* is the representative of democratic opinions. You have "denounced" in no measured terms "the perjured House of Hapsburgh," and that Imperial burglar, the Autocrat of the North; but, according to ION's theory, you were wrong in doing so. You should rather have attacked despotism, while you spared the despot! Depend upon it, nothing is lost to humanity by refusing to address the villain as if he were an honest man; for it is only by speaking the truth faithfully that men's consciences are aroused. Garrison's terrible pictures of the guilt of slaveholding have awakened shame and remorse in many a pro-slavery heart, and prepared it for the reception of Anti-Slavery truth.

ION takes exception to the following remark made by Wendell Phillips: "We warn the living that we have terrible memories, and that their sins are never to be forgotten. We will gibbet the name of every *apostate* so black and high that *his children's children will blush to hear it*. We will teach caution to the living by dealing out *relentless* justice to the dead. We will insist on explaining the chance expressions (whispered in a corner) for liberty by the tenour of a long and base life." Your correspondent then makes the following extraordinary comment: "You feel so much resentment at this language, that you would rather, as you read it, be a slaveholder than an Abolitionist." Does he not believe that this is the fate that should be allotted to traitors? He knows, probably, that Wendell Phillips's remarks apply particularly to Webster; and does not the man who, after having expressed sympathy with the oppressed, betrays their cause, and becomes their greatest oppressor, from ambitious motives, deserve to be "gibbeted," if it were only to serve as a warning to others?

I would respectfully ask ION, how he would comment on the piratical attempts that are being made to annex Cuba and Mexico to the United States for pro-slavery purposes, without denouncing the individuals who are seeking to perpetrate the robbery; and whether, in writing on the Rev. Mr. Hooker's pamphlet, which attempts to prove that Slavery is "*a missionary institution*," he would employ any other language than that of "scorn?"

Yours, very respectfully,

F. W. CHESSON.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

HON. JOHN A. DIX, whose name appeared on the Van Buren Free Soil ticket, in 1848, between those of Charles Francis Adams and Seth M. Gates, being now a candidate before Pierce for the French Mission, has felt constrained to write the following letter to a Southron. We give it with all the honours. There now remain of the Democratic bolters of 1848 only John Van Buren and Benj. F. Butler uncommitted to the Fugitive Slave Law, and we may be called to record their adhesion any moment, though it will doubtless be given sooner or later according as they shall discover anything within reach in the office line that they happen to want. Hear the ex-Senator:

SENATOR DIX AND THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.—The annexed letter from the Hon. John A. Dix, now holding the office of Sub-Treasurer in this City, will be read with satisfaction by Conservative Democrats, as it seems to show that in some important particulars his views have been misunderstood.—*Jour. of Com.*

From The Augusta (Geo.) Constitutionalist, Sept. 9.

We publish below a letter received by a gentleman, well known to our citizens, from Mr. Dix, in which he speaks for himself, and we are perfectly willing to leave it to every citizen of the State, Whig or Democrat, to say if Mr. Dix is any more of an Abolitionist or Free Soiler than is Millard Fillmore, or Thomas Corwin, or Daniel Webster.

Mr. Dix's letter was written in answer to one addressed to him, asking his views on the Slavery and Compromise measures. Here it is—read it, people of Georgia, and then give a rebuke to the Toombs and Stephens' faction that will teach them that, although the people may be deceived once, by men in whom they have put their trust, that if deceived the second time, it will be their own fault.

Mr. Dix's Letter.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31, 1853.

DR. I. P. GARVIN—*Dear Sir:* I have just received your favour of the 26th inst., stating that I am represented by Whig presses and itinerant orators in Georgia as an Abolitionist, &c., and I thank you for the opportunity you have afforded me of saying in reply:

1st. That I am not, and never have been, an Abolitionist in any sense of that term. On the contrary, I have been an open and uniform opponent of all Abolition movements in this State, and elsewhere, since they commenced, in 1835, to the present time. While in the Senate of the United States, I opposed the extension of Slavery in free territory—a question entirely distinct from interference with Slavery where it already exists. In the latter case, I have steadily opposed all external interference with it.

2d. That I have on all occasions, public and private, since the Fugitive Slave Law passed, declared myself in favour of carrying it into execution in good faith, like every other law of the land.

3d. That I was in favour of the union of the Democracy of this State, which was consummated in 1850, continued in 1851 on the basis of the Compromise measures, and in 1852, on the basis of the Baltimore Platform.

4th. That I have, since the Baltimore Convention, in June, 1852, repeatedly given my public assent to its proceedings and acquiesced in its declarations, as an adjustment of disturbing questions, by which I was willing to abide.

On these points I may write you more fully in a few days; and in the meantime you are at liberty to use this brief reply to your note as you may think proper.

I am, dear Sir, very respectfully yours,

JOHN A. DIX.

We give Gen. Dix credit for not allowing himself to be dragooned into any expression of approval of the Fugitive Slave Law, or even into any pledge to oppose its repeal. But can he mean that *he* would help run down and manacle a hunted fugitive if required to do so? We do his heart the credit of believing that he never would. Then what does he really mean by "carrying the Fugitive Slave Law into execution in good faith?" Let us use no words calculated to deceive, but say exactly what we mean. —*Tribune.*

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

Correspondence of the Evening Post.

COLUMBUS, Thursday, Sept. 1, 1853.

IN a former communication I referred to the "underground railroad" passing through this State from the Ohio River to Lake Erie. Many of these have been in successful operation for several years. Occasionally, as the routes have become known, they have changed, but at all times have been kept in operation; the trains run upon them generally in the night; the stations are about ten miles distant from each other, and, as soon as one is reached, a new conductor carries on the fugitive to the next, and thus he is taken through the State, a distance of more than two hundred miles, with great speed and safety. Arrived on the shores of Lake Erie, there is no difficulty in passing him to Canada during the season of navigation.

The sailors upon the lakes, black and white, always sympathize with the victim of oppression, and are generally ready to afford him a safe and free passage to Canada. If the fugitive arrive on the lake shore in the season of the year when there is no navigation, he generally remains in some one of the Western Reserve Counties until the boat commences running in the Spring.

The Anti-Slavery sentiment has been such there for years that no fugitive has been taken from there back into Slavery. Sometimes the number which collect in a winter is quite large. They generally arm themselves, and are sworn to die in defence of each other. Indeed, a large proportion of the fugitives who now escape carry a bowie-knife and revolver. I once knew thirty of these fugitives come forth from their hiding places, armed with guns and rifles, to protect a brother fugitive. The slave-hunter was glad to escape without his victim. This Summer, two fugitives, a man and his wife passed through this State, both of them armed with a knife and revolver, travelling in the daytime, defying danger, refusing assistance only as they paid for it, as they would not involve any one in the penalties of the fugitive law, and declaring they would take the life of any one who should attempt to arrest them. In this way they went safely through the State.

In the applause with which the representation of Uncle Tom's Cabin upon the stage in New York has been received, we have an illustration of the sympathies of the masses for the oppressed. This sympathy with them is almost universal. Our teamsters, engineers, conductors and brakemen upon our railroads, captains, and all hands on our lake steamboats, are all actuated by it. Many a fugitive passes through the State concealed in railroad cars, and with the connivance of those engaged in running the trains. Not long since, a trembling negro besought a conductor to let him get upon the train. "Have you any money," asked he. "No, massa, but I must go."

The conductor saw at once he was a fugitive, his heart was touched, and soon the poor victim of oppression was stowed away in one corner of the baggage car, and was rolling on his way to Canada. At a depot, some sixty miles distant, a well-dressed Kentuckian got upon the train and asked the conductor if he had a negro, describing the fugitive, among the passengers. He was told to examine for himself, and on went the train with both master and fugitive on board. When told that the master was on board, the poor slave gave up all hope; he was the picture of despair; but was soon encouraged by the conductor, who assured him that if he would follow his directions he would effect his escape.

He then told him, as soon as the train should slack up at the next depot, to jump off and run behind a small building close by, and remain there until he heard the whistle for the cars to start; that he should then run with all his might for the woods. The negro followed the directions; as soon as the cars stopped, he concealed himself behind the house, unperceived by the master; and when the signal for starting was given, he drew a bee-line for the woods. Off went the train for its destination, and on went the negro for Canada. The conductor, reading by the master, pointed out the fugitive, and asked him if that was not his slave.

"Yes, yes," he replied; "stop, stop the train." The conductor assured him it could not be stopped—they were already behind time, &c. "But," said he, "it must be stopped; I'll give you a hundred dollars if you do;" but the conductor was inflexible. The master then went to the engineer, and offered a large amount if he would let him off; but the engineer understood the game, and on went the cars with increased speed, at the rate of forty miles the hour, to the next depot, some thirty miles distant, all hands enjoying the torment of the slaveholder.

Not long since, two respectable ladies, walking out in the evening, were suddenly confronted by a negro. With trembling he asked them how he could cross to Canada. They perceived he was a fugitive, persuaded him to their father's house and fed him, and went that night and procured him a passage. How shall we stifle these feelings of humanity? We know the Union will be dissolved if we do not do it; but how is it to be done? By what law? By what penalties? To preserve our institutions, there must be some way discovered of rooting humanity out of the hearts of our women. The Fugitive Slave Law, with all its penalties, fails of effecting it. This subject is commended at this time to the attention of Northern doughfaces, that they may be prepared to act wisely at the next dissolution panic. Some new project may raise their price in the political market.

Perhaps personal chastisement, inflicted on such American women as sympathize with the oppressed, would be beneficial. Austrian Generals whipped women naked through the streets of Hungary because they loved freedom and aided the down-trodden; and why not the tools of oppressors in this land adopt the same measure? The whipping of women naked in this country would be nothing new; it is practised daily in one-half of the Union. Surely, men who would catch fugitive slaves need feel no repugnance to whipping white women who, in violation of the Compromise, would help them away.

FRANKLIN.

SLAVE CASE AT UNIONTOWN.

THEY have had a slave case at Uniontown, in this State, and a two-penny lawyer, who glories in the possession of the dignified office of slave-catcher, *alias* United States Commissioner, has distinguished himself, in the usual way of his class, by setting law and common sense at defiance. The facts of the case appear to be that a family of slaves were permitted by their owner to come from Virginia to Pennsylvania, on a visit to some friends in Fayette county; and not returning in time to suit his views, he claimed them as *runaways*. The plea set up in defence before the Commissioner was that, having come into the State with the consent of the master, they were not runaways—they had not escaped from one State to another. This plea was overruled, and the negroes sent back. Of course.

The Commissioner, being nominally a lawyer, endeavours to justify his act by a long opinion, after the fashion of Alderman Buckmaster in the Sunday omnibus case; and he claims that a permission to *visit* friends in Pennsylvania is not to be construed into a permission to reside in it permanently. So we think, too; but that is a question of morals which the Commissioner was not called upon to decide. The simple fact for him to ascertain, in order to justify their delivery to the claimaints, was whether they had *escaped* into Pennsylvania from Virginia. He has no power to deliver up, under the law of 1850, any but those who have "*escaped* from one State into another." If a slave come into Pennsylvania with the consent of his master, he has not "escaped;" and it matters not whether that consent be for temporary or a permanent absence. The "escape" must be actual, and "from" one State "to" another, and not constructive. The law of 1850 has nothing to do with constructive escapes, and United States Commissioners have no right to recognise them. A slave who comes into Pennsylvania under permission from his master to stay a short time, and refuses to return, has escaped constructively; but such escape is matter for litigation elsewhere than before United States Commissioners. Those erudite, conscientious and humane officers are entrusted only with the task of returning to bondage those who actually, and without the consent of their owners, run away.

The law of Pennsylvania, which enacts that slaves who come into the State with the consent of their owners shall be free, makes no exceptions. It was not intended to except such as are permitted to come in under a promise to return, and cannot fairly be so construed. The master who gives such a permission, gives it at his own risk; and if he loses, he has no one else to blame.

But it is of no use to argue questions of law and common sense with United States Commissioners. They have their dirty work to do, and they know it, and do it, no matter what stands in the way. We only recur to these things to show what iniquities and illegalities are practised, now-a-days, under the name of law.—E.—*The (Pittsburgh) Sat. Visiter.*

FREEDOM IN KENTUCKY—C. M. CLAY.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

GLENVILLE, Lewis Co., Ky., } Sept. 5, 1853. }

FRIEND GREELEY: However much you may differ from others as to the best method of removing Slavery, one thing is apparent—that is, that you loathe Slavery—loathe it as an incubus upon all that is lovely or valuable, and therefore must hail with delight every indication of its ultimate overthrow.

I have just returned from another visit to C. M. Clay and the Free Churches in Madison and Rockcastle Counties. I found Clay at his home, resolute in purpose, sanguine in expectation, but calm in hope. He still believes a "lie will not live always." He expects this nation yet to see the falsity of Slavery—its impolicy and cruelty—and with righteous indignation crush the monster—the common enemy of God and man.

There is about Clay and his home much of interest. He is social, generous and hospitable. His wife is kind, intelligent, pleasant, professing faith in Jesus. His is not the home of infidelity that many suppose. He is unbelieving in reference to a slaveholding religion, and the popular ministry of this age. And whatever skepticism he may have had in reference to the Plenary Inspiration of the Old Testament, that was as I apprehend, produced, as in many others, more by

thing; he has capacity, beyond most men, for many things.

He is ever ready to help the virtuous when in want. While attending the meetings of the Free Church in his county, he received the intelligence that a *colporteur*, recently commissioned by the American Missionary Association, in an adjoining county, had, under a false pretense, been seized and thrown into jail. He made inquiry concerning the man, immediately repaired to the place of confinement, and, after a protracted and opposing effort, bailed the *colporteur*, who was a poor man but in good standing in his church (Methodist Episcopal), though he had committed himself to join, in a short time, the Free Church movement. Many other incidents of his kindness and generosity, even to enemies, I could now enumerate, if space would allow and utility demanded.

He has been active in his own and adjacent counties in distributing Anti-Slavery documents, and enlightening public sentiment.

The efforts of those who have opposed him and the cause of freedom have most signally reacted upon themselves and their cause. The violence offered has only served to awaken a corresponding determination and hostility on the part of many of the friends of freedom—more of the fighting spirit than I would like to see. But it serves to show how vain is the policy of force against a good cause. Signal disgrace and defeat have followed those who were neglectful of duty or action in the mob that tore down his press. The men who had influence, and could, in all probability, have suppressed the mob had they desired to do so, left the place at the time the mob was forming, or after the call was made. Both these have been defeated, the last for Representative in Congress. Shunning responsibility gave no lasting popularity. Another, who was perhaps most active and prominent as a speaker, has been repeatedly defeated and disgraced. Others, prominent, have been defeated for office. The literary institution which it was hoped would be shielded from disgrace by proximity to a free press, has gone down entirely. Lawless mobs have followed, and that, too, against the officers of the place. These, together with other facts, were narrated to me by one who has opportunity to know, and standing for veracity. They serve to show the folly of opposing right, especially with unlawful means. There may be momentary success, but the success is that of one who for the present succeeds in covering the crater of a burning volcano; it will be followed by a more sudden and dreadful explosion of the pent up fires—fires that shall burn to the consumption of every opposing obstacle.

What the friends of freedom have to do is, *perseveringly* to sow the seeds of truth, and confidently expect the harvest—and, "in due season, if we faint "not, we shall reap." There are now in Kentucky some six or seven Free Churches—having no fellowship with Slavery.* *These have met with opposition and persecution. This is daily diminishing—access to the public mind is more easy, and the sphere of influence is continually increasing; though these are yet "the day of small things." The cloud, however, in the days of Elijah, was not at first apparently larger than a man's hand; it spread, however, until it covered the whole heavens, and poured down showers in copious abundance.

Faith in God and perseverance in duty will again raise another such cloud, and secure the same life-giving influence. JOHN G. FEE.

*The Churches alluded to, with their *colporteurs* distributing Anti-Slavery documents, are under the care of the American Missionary Association. I hope the friends of freedom and a pure gospel will sustain that Society. Thus can they preach the Gospel in the South. J. G. F.

THE LATE PROCEEDINGS AT SYRACUSE.

A LETTER from Syracuse says:

"You will have observed that when the resolutions of the Syracuse Convention of the 'unterrified democracy' were put, Preston King rose and said, that he dissented totally from that part of them which related to Slavery; the rest he as fully and most cordially approved.

"It would have done you good to see the respect with which this declaration of dissent was received. Imagine all the audience motionless, all eyes fixed on the speaker, and a silence pervading the assembly so complete that you might have heard every sound in the street. It was a demonstration of the involuntary reverence which men have for sincerity, consistency and courage.

"You have mentioned one respect in which you think the resolutions, the platform, as they call it, adopted by the convention of the unterrified, better than the platform of the terrified. I will not dispute the point with you; but both sets of resolutions, so far as they relate to Slavery, are bad—so bad that the difference between them is not worth quarreling about. In other respects, the resolutions of the unterrified are excellent.

"But the people are not expected to vote for the platform. The candidates of both conventions are before them—the candidates of the regular convention, and the candidates of the terrified. There has not been, I will venture to say, so good a list of candidates, as that with Isaac A. Verplank at its head, presented to the people of this State for years. It really looks as if honesty and purity were coming in fashion even in politics."

Our correspondent hardly says too much of the resolutions, and certainly not too much of the candidates. We approve of the manner in which the convention executed its function of selecting candidates as much as we disapprove of the manner in which it attempted to exercise another office, with which it had nothing to do, that of declaring the sentiments of their constituents on the fugitive slave law. What was said on that question was, no doubt, said with equal sincerity by the hards and the softs, by the terrified and the unterrified. Both of them adopted a stereotyped set of phrases, which no more express the opinions of their constituents than if they were a recognition of the Greek mythology as the religion of the country. Both, for example, speak of the fugitive slave law as an ordinance which they are ready to obey and execute with cheerfulness and alacrity. They, perhaps, are not aware how little truth there is in such declarations. There is not a man even among the delegates of that division of the democratic party lately denominated the Hards, and now dignified with the apellation of the Terrified, who, upon command of the officers in pursuit of a slave who had left his master, would turn out to join the chase. Yet the provisions of the law require them to do this. We doubt whether one in ten of them would inform his pursuers of his place of concealment, or refuse him shelter and food if he were to call hungry and weary at their doors, and say that he was a slave seeking to obtain his liberty by flight. There never was, in our opinion, a form of words uttered in mock worship, with more utter heartlessness and disregard of sincerity, than these pheabs of the two assemblies of the delegates at Syracuse. The true public opinion and feeling of their constituents is that which is expressed every night at the National Theatre, in this city, where the fugitive slave law every evening receives the condemnation of a fresh audience, densely packed.

But laying aside that part of the platform as mere nonsense, we must admit that in the substantial part of their proceedings, the Convention has deserved well of the State. We have not for a long time seen a list of State officers which the people receive with such unmingled satisfaction. It has been well said that there is more honour in deserving success than in actually winning it. The ticket presented to the people deserves success, by the highest and fairest titles: the character, capacity, and sound political principles of those who compose it.—*Evening Post*.

UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.—On Tuesday morning of last week, we were called on by an agent of the Underground Railroad, who informed us that there was a subject on hand from Virginia, who wanted a through passage to Canada. Desiring some farther information, we had an interview and conversation with him. He was some 35 years of age; had left his master ten days previous; had travelled about 260 miles, most of the distance in the night, and had not slept in a house from the time he left until he reached Mercer. He was much worn down with fatigue; but such was his anxiety to get to the end of his journey, that he could not be persuaded to remain a day to recruit himself. He received the "aid and comfort" required in such cases—the Fugitive Bill and safety of the Union to the contrary—and we trust ere this he is safely landed in Queen Victoria's dominions. His master figured pretty largely, some years since, in prosecuting a philanthropic citizen of Indiana county, in the District Court at Pittsburg; and from the ill-gotten gain awarded to him then, through the pro-slavery influence of Judge Grier, he will have to deduct $800 or $1000, on account of the escape of another of his chattels.—*The (Mercer, Pa.) Freeman.*

A MEMORABLE WEEK.—The first week in September was the most memorable one known to "the oldest inhabitant" of the city of New York. In historical importance and interest, it has not been surpassed since the settlement of the country. Positions were assumed and maintained, in regard to human equality, on a basis as broad as the whole earth, and as sublime as immortality itself. Such a mingling of mind and feeling—such a union of heart and hand—such a practical recognition of human rights, obligations and duties—such a forgetfulness of all the accidental distinctions of sex, complexion and condition—such a blending of intellectual endowments, moral influences and spiritual forces, for the good of mankind, had never before been witnessed, on so grand a scale, in any age or in any country. No marvel, therefore, that all the elements of popular corruption, prejudice, blindness, ignorance, tyranny, and lawlessness, were mightily stirred, and powerfully wielded to crush so dangerous a precedent, and to nullify so contagious an example. No marvel that the "Satanic press" exerted its infernal sorcery to conjure up, and "set on fire of hell," all that is base, lewd, profane and brutal in that Babylonian city, in order to hiss, hoot, groan, scoff, mock, and howl at "the irresistible genius of universal emancipation," the divine spirit of philanthropy, and the cause of impartial liberty. But of what avail were all these devices of the Adversary? Wielded against the truth, what weapon ever yet prospered? When was it ever possible to frame a sound argument against the right? When did imposture, usurpation, or oppression, ever glory in free speech and a free platform? Why should not they, who are "of their father, the devil," resort to blackguardism, falsehood, calumny, rowdyism, and every kind of villainy, to put down a movement for the subversion of his dark kingdom? If Jesus could have been answered, would he have been crucified? If the Apostles could have been refuted, would they have been put to an ignominious death? If the martyrs could have been convicted of heresy, would they have been burnt at the stake?—*Liberator.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** All communications for the paper and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York*.

††† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York*.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1853.

SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

☞ POSTPONEMENT. ☜

THE members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society are hereby notified that a semi-annual meeting of the Society will be held at SYRACUSE, N. Y., in Wieting's Hall, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, Nov. 2d and 3d. As this is designed for the special accommodation of our Western coadjutors, as well as for the furtherance of our cause generally, it is hoped that a full representation will be present, in the spirit and with the zeal of primitive Abolitionism. Every effort will be made by the friends in Syracuse to give a hospitable reception, as far as practicable, to those who may come from a distance. There will be no lack of able and eloquent speakers. The first meeting of the series will be held on WEDNESDAY, at 10 o'clock, A.M.

In behalf of the Executive Committee,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.
EDMUND QUINCY, } Secretaries.
S. H. GAY, }

To the People of the County of Ontario.

As you are well aware, there is an Act of Congress to promote the chasing down of men, women, and children, for the purpose of consigning them to the pit of Slavery. I call it an Act, instead of a Law. There can be no Law for Devilism.

An attempt is to be made in your County, in a few days, to convict men of crime for trampling upon that Act. I deeply desire to speak to you concerning this attempt; and I, therefore, propose to meet you in Canandaigua, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 27th and 28th inst., at 2 P.M. each day.

Heaven forbid that the County of Ontario should help enforce the cruellest, meanest, wickedest piece of legislation the world has ever known. Heaven preserve your beautiful County from a blot which the tears of your shame and the tears of your children's and children's children's shame could not suffice to wash away. GERRIT SMITH.

Peterboro, Sept. 19th, 1853.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

WE deeply regret that there should be a necessity for saying a single word about the man whose name is written above; but we owe a duty to the American Anti-Slavery Society and to the cause of Freedom that is paramount to every personal consideration. He has proved treacherous to his old friends, and deliberately allied himself to the worst enemies which that Society ever had. He basely attributes the distrust, which his own double-dealing and badly disguised hostility to Mr. Garrison and his friends long since awakened in their minds, to their intolerance of his change of views in relation to the United States Constitution! He knows right well that that change, but for certain circumstances which undermined their confidence in his personal integrity, would never have interrupted the good fellowship that formerly existed between him and them. The friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society do not love Gerrit Smith the less because he interprets certain clauses of the Constitution in a way which they deem erroneous. Gerrit Smith's friendship for that Society is none the less earnest and none the less welcome on that account. We believe him to be honest, and he has equal confidence in us. In fact, the difference between us presents no obstacle to the heartiest co-operation. It does so no more in Mr. Douglass's case than in Mr. Smith's. The difference between them is, that while the latter is in every respect friendly to the American Society and its agents, the former is at heart their enemy, and has been endeavouring, for years, in an underhand way, to build himself up by pulling them down. In various quarters, where he has thought himself out of sight of his old friends, he has artfully pampered the prejudices which a pro-slavery church has created by its lying accusations of "infidelity," in the hope of thereby winning support to his paper. In this work he has had the aid of a *Jezebel*, whose capacity for making mischief between friends it would be difficult to match. The friends of the American Society, reluctant to quarrel with one whom their friendship had called out of obscurity, and whose great abilities they had long held in high admiration, and charitably hoping that he was labouring under some strange delusion that would eventually pass away, bore his bad faith for a long time in silence. An article published by him soon after our last Anniversary revealed his *animus* so clearly that, at the Framingham celebration, on the 2d of August last, WENDELL PHILLIPS felt it his duty to ask from him some explanation of his course. Mr. Douglass, in giving an account of the scene, in his own paper, so far dropped the mask as to stand forth the endorser of the base and slanderous charge of "infidelity" which the pro-slavery priesthood and the Satanic Press of the country have so long urged against H. C. Wright, Parker Pillsbury and S. S. Foster. Mr. Phillips's object in interrogating Mr. Douglass at Framingham was, we presume, not to "worry" him, but to find out where he was—to make him exhibit himself in his true colours.

In the *Standard* of September 3d, we stated fairly the issue which Mr. Douglass had thus made as to the three persons above named; we branded the charge of "infidelity" as cowardly and false, and challenged him to the proof. His answer we copy on the first page, for we desire that our readers should gain a knowledge of the spirit that animates him from the productions of his own pen. He has chosen—*our* readers will be at no loss to understand why—to keep his readers in utter ignorance of the real issue between us, and to deal in personalities as pointless as they are irrelevant. His account of the origin and progress of the division between himself and his old friends is in almost every particular false. His paper, the *North Star*, was cordially welcomed and commended by his non-voting cotemporaries. Some of them had, to be sure, advised him not to start a newspaper, but to devote his great talents to lecturing; but, when he concluded to assume the position of an editor, they gave him words of generous cheer. They may not have done all that he expected, for the demands of a thoroughly selfish and ambitious man, in whose heart the sentiment of gratitude has but a small place, are hard to be complied with. But the insinuation that the men composing what he sneeringly calls "the Board" withdrew the lecturing agents from Central and Western New York in order to injure his paper is both gratuitous and absurd.

The egotism of Mr. Douglass, whatever may be thought of his ambition, is disgustingly conspicuous in the article to which we refer. If we were to take his statements as verities, we should be compelled to conclude that the Old Organized Abolitionists had done little else for the last seven or eight years than to plot his destruction! First, the lecturing agents all withdrawn from the State of New York; then the experiment of "faint praise" (some men think *all* praise "faint" in comparison with their transcendent merits); next, Mr. Powell "was got to write a series of articles"; then Mr. Messrs. Remond and Purvis "proffered their services to hunt down" the fugitive, and went all the way to Rochester for that purpose, "under the smiles of the platform," &c. &c. May we not well ask, "On what meat hath this our Cæsar fed, that he hath grown so great?" We shall expect to hear ere long that all the Anti-Slavery newspapers and the American Anti-Slavery Society itself were established for no other purpose than to watch and counteract the movements of this Colossus! No, Mr. Douglass, your vanity and jealousy deceive you. You have been your own worst enemy; in being false to your friends, you have been untrue to yourself.

Our controversy, however, with Mr. Douglass lies within a narrow compass. The *Liberator* and *Freeman* can take care of themselves. We have summoned him to answer to the charge of joining the New York *Herald, Observer, Express*, &c., in bearing false witness against H. C. Wright, Parker Pillsbury and S. S. Foster (and, by implication, against Mr. Garrison himself). He may meet this issue in his own way and time. He may, if it suits his purpose, keep his readers in ignorance of the question at issue, and seek to mislead them, as in the article now under notice; but the truth will come out at last in such shape as to cover him with confusion.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE arrived at this port, in the steamer *Arctic*, from Liverpool, on Sunday last. In the evening she attended religious service at her brother's church in Brooklyn, where she received the congratulations of some of her friends. Judging from her appearance, we should say that her health has been much improved by her trip to the Old World. Her course while abroad has been such as to inspire the deepest respect of those with whom she has held intercourse. Too wise as well as too noble to suffer herself to be made the tool of any party or clique at home or abroad, she has, we believe, been just to the Anti-Slavery sentiment of this country, in all its phases, and done much to enlighten and invigorate that of Great Britain and France.

At Paris, Mrs. Stowe stayed with Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman, of Boston, Mass. At London, she was the guest of the Messrs. Low, her London publishers; and at Liverpool she enjoyed the hospitality of John Cropper, Esq., of Dingle Bank. On the 2d instant, she visited Leeds, as the guest of Mr. Edward Baines, of Headingley, and when in Leeds was presented with a testimonial, in the shape of a silver fruit-basket, from a number of ladies, a purse of 100 guineas from "Readers of Uncle Tom's Cabin," and an Address from the Leeds Anti-Slavery Association. J. H. Shaw, Mayor of the city, presided on the occasion; the address was presented by Mr. Wilson Armistead, President of the Anti-Slavery Society, and the testimonial was handed to Mrs. Stowe by Sir George Goodman, M. P. It being understood that Mrs. Stowe desired to remain in as much privacy as her celebrity would permit, many persons who would have been pleased to pay their respects refrained from intruding.

The *Herald* of this city, true to its Satanic vocation, hurled at Mrs. Stowe, on Monday morning, its handful of mud, as follows:

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."—The authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, having finished up her tour of Europe, has returned home again. She was safely landed yesterday at the foot of Canal street, with the other passengers by the Arctic. She and Uncle Tom, and the Black Swan, appear to have had a splendid run. To be sure, Queen Victoria, for a little Buncombe for Yankee consumption, thought fit to exclude the distinguished Abolition authoress from a formal reception at court; to be sure, she was the occasion, while in France, of a descent of the police upon the house of certain of her political friends; and we admit, too, that she and Uncle Tom were both tabooed by the Holy Father at Rome. But what of that? She went out a lioness, and has come back with a European reputation. And we do hope it will be beneficial to her and all concerned towards reclaiming them from the error of their ways. *Item*—It is a pity that Uncle Tom, during the absence of Mrs. Stowe, has ceased to be a standard work. At the last trade sales he was at an unsaleable discount. The demand for Uncle Tom is filled. Give us something now on Woman's Rights.

The *Express* also greeted her with the following characteristic specimen of its manners and morals.

MRS. STOWE has arrived back home. She came in the Arctic from Liverpool, yesterday. She has arrived just a week too late. She ought to have been here to receive the renewed adulations of the Abolition sisterhood, who made Metropolitan Hall and Broadway Tabernacle, day and night, hideous with their orgies. However, perhaps it is as well as it is. A profound silence, on all hands, is the most fitting welcome back for one who has perverted her talents and her genius in the defamation of her country and her country's institutions, in a foreign land.

Now let the New York *Observer* add its pious growl to the ribald tones of the *Herald* and the *Express*, and the trio will be complete.

INDEED, one great purpose, and the most lasting effect of the meetings, was to destroy all public reverence for the Sabbath.—*New York Evangelist.*

The meetings to which the *Evangelist* alludes are those held at Metropolitan Hall by the New York Anti-Slavery Society, on the 4th inst. We deny that those meetings were held for any such "purpose." The only object of those who called them was to break, if possible, the chains of three millions of slaves—to carry out, in other words, the great principle of benevolence for which Jesus lived and laboured. As to the assumption that it is the tendency of such meetings to "destroy all public reverence for the Sabbath," it is sufficient to say that the same objection might be made with quite as much plausibility against the holding of missionary and temperance meetings on the Sabbath. We believe the *Evangelist* has never charged those who meet for such purposes on that day with being actuated by irreligious motives. If it is right to expatiate, on the Sabbath day, upon the ignorance and degradation of heathen nations, and to devise plans for their relief; if it be right on that day to contemplate the woes of the inebriate and the evils of the traffic in intoxicating drinks; why should the Abolitionists be denounced for employing the same time in efforts to awaken Christian sympathy for those who are bought and sold like beasts, who are not permitted to read the Bible, and to whom the gospel of Christ, in its completeness and purity, is denied? We assure the *Evangelist*, and all who sympathize with it, that it is not the holding of Anti-Slavery meetings, but the tithing of mint, annise and cumin, the exaltation of forms and ceremonies, and the neglect of the church and ministry to plead the cause of the poor and needy on the Sabbath, that is undermining the popular reverence for the day.

As for the meetings at Metropolitan Hall, not a word was uttered in them (save by the mob for which the *Evangelist* volunteers an apology) that was not perfectly consistent with the most orthodox views of the sanctity of the Sabbath. Whatever may be the opinions of individual Abolitionists in respect to the Sabbath (and every phase of opinion on that subject is represented among us), our meetings are conducted in such a way as not to afford reasonable ground for complaint to any.

THE *Christian (?) Press*, at Cincinnati, has employed itself, for several months past, in efforts to destroy the confidence of Abolitionists at the West in the American Anti-Slavery Society and its friends. It began its work at the time of Mr. Garrison's visit to Cincinnati last Spring, and, though it has failed to secure the co-operation of the other Anti-Slavery papers in Ohio, it still pursues its object with bigoted and unscrupulous pertinacity. It has at length found a co-worker in Frederick Douglass, and seems quite elated in consequence. It copies Mr. Douglass's charge of "infidelity" against Wright, Pillsbury and Foster, with the following editorial prefix:

"FREDERICK DOUGLASS AND INFIDELITY.—Douglass has repudiated the infidelity of the Garrisonian party, and for it has been cast out and denounced in bitter terms.

"The following are his views of Pillsbury, Wright and Foster. It seems that, in his opinion, an attempt has been made to break down his paper, because he rejects the Garrisonian views, and speaks of some of the leaders as infidels."

Is it not too bad that, while Mr. Douglass is thus quoted by the deadliest enemies of the American Anti-Slavery Society, we should be charged with "attacking" him, simply because we have defended those whom he has assailed?

WE scorn Wendell Phillips for his base, unprovoked and malignant attack upon Frederick Douglass, at Framingham, while the latter was attending the Convention as a spectator and reporter. Put Douglass into the ring with his assailant on an equal footing, and even Wendell Phillips would find that he would need all his trumps.—*Cayuga Chief.*

The above is strong language, but we think the facts alluded to fully warrant it. And we think the onslaught lately made by the *Anti-Slavery Standard* and *Pennsylvania Freeman* on Frederick Douglass and his paper is pretty strong evidence that the attacking parties are unfit to give tone to any reformatory movement.—*People's Journal, Coudersport, Pa.*

Our cotemporaries are welcome to state their *opinions* in such language as may suit their taste, but we protest against such misstatements in respect to the *facts* pertaining to the controversy between Mr. Douglass and his former associates as are contained in the above paragraphs. Their "scorn" will have little weight with us so long as ignorance, or prejudice, or something worse, renders them incapable of stating the truth fairly and impartially.

Mr. Phillips made no "attack," malignant or otherwise, upon Mr. Douglass, but simply called upon him to justify or retract an "unprovoked" imputation upon the integrity and the honour of his old associates—an imputation all the more base because, while impelled by the deepest malignity, it was yet so cunningly worded as to afford the author a chance to escape through the loophole of equivocation.

Our "onslaught" upon Mr. Douglass consisted simply in a *defence* of three devoted Anti-Slavery lecturers (two of them agents of the Society of which the *Standard* is the organ) against a charge of "infidelity" brought against them by him. One would think that the *Standard* ought to be allowed to vindicate the characters of the agents of the Society that publishes it, without being subjected therefor to the charge of making an "onslaught" upon the man who slanders them. Other men and other Societies are admitted to have the right of self-vindication when assailed; but the Old Organized Abolitionists, according to the logic of their self-appointed judges, have no such right. *They* are bound to be silent, when not their open enemies alone, but their treacherous friends, aim at them their deadliest shafts! When such papers as the New York *Herald* and the New York *Observer* denounce our agents as "infidels," it is comparatively a small matter, for the religion of those journals is of such a character that it is an honour to any man to be thought "infidel" to it; but such a charge in the mouth of Frederick Douglass is quite another thing. When we see him proffering his aid to those infamous journals, and furnishing the very poison with which their arrows are tipped, we shall not ask leave of any of our cotemporaries before exposing his fraticidal malignity. The issue which *we* have joined with Mr. Douglass is a very simple one, and we must beg the papers above quoted not to misrepresent it. It is simply this: He has asserted that H. C. Wright, S. S. Foster and Parker Pillsbury are "infidels," while we affirm that the charge is false, and that we *believe* it to have been dictated by base motives. Keep to the point.

THE EVANGELIST.

LAST week we assigned this paper a place in the catalogue of the "Satanic Press." That we may do it full justice, we copy the following paragraph from its last week's issue:

A CORRECTION.—In the brief notice we took of the meeting at Metropolitan Hall, on the Sunday before last, at which Miss Brown officiated, we made, it seems, two errors: there was no charge made for admission; and the meeting was *not* disturbed by noise and confusion. With regard to the latter, we are very happy to correct the mistake into which we were led, by misunderstanding the purport of the New York *Tribune's* account; by the express statements of other morning papers, and by the testimony of a gentleman who was present. Being better employed ourselves, we relied on the testimony of others, and were thus honestly misled. If the meeting was an orderly and profitable one, then let us make haste to subtract thus much from the sum-total of rowdyism and disorder which disgraced our city and our common human nature, during the past two weeks. As to the shilling: we supposed that as it had been the custom during the week to require this sum for admission, as each one's just proportion of the expenses of the Hall, and as there was no more wrong in it than in the less equitable, though more common method of reaching the same end by handing round the contribution-box, we took it for granted that the charge was made. But we did not state it at all in disparagement of the meeting; for if it was right to be there, it was right to bear a share of the cost of the room.

This is a somewhat ungracious retraction, but we are quite willing to accept it as far as it goes. There is one thing more, however, which the *Evangelist* must take back, before we can consent to take it out of the category in which we placed it. We allude to its sanction of the infamous doctrine, that the responsibility of mobocratic disturbances in public assemblies rests with those whose doctrines offend the tastes or the prejudices of the public. The appearance of Antoinette Brown in Metropolitan Hall, to preach the gospel of Christ, it pronounced a "shameless invitation" to a row; and the responsibility of the "disgrace" inflicted upon the city by the "violent interruption of the right of speech" at the Anti-Slavery meeting, it laid not upon the disturbers, but upon those who called the meeting! This is exactly the doctrine held by all the apologists of mobs ever since the first efforts to put down the freedom of speech on the question of Slavery. Such was the language of the pro-slavery press in 1835-6, when every advertisement of an Anti-Slavery lecture was the signal for a riot, and every lecturer went forth in peril of tar and feathers. The principle assumed would make Jesus and the Apostles responsible for the persecutions which followed their labours; it would divide the sin of the inquisition between the inquisitors and the victims; it would make every man responsible for any disturbance which his promulgation of the truth might excite among the advocates of popular error. Such a principle is not merely absurd and preposterous, but absolutely devilish in its origin and consequences, and any public journal which sanctions it should be ranked as "*Satanic*." The *Evangelist* must therefore be kept in the pillory.

SOJOURNER TRUTH has recently spoken—much to the edification of those who heard her—to audiences in this city and vicinity, on the subject of Slavery. One of her lectures was noticed in the *Tribune* as follows:

LECTURE BY A COLOURED WOMAN.—The female lecturer, styling herself "Sojourner of Truth," who was for many years a slave, delivered a lecture last evening, in the Congregational Church, corner of South Third and Eleventh streets, Williamsburgh. The lecturer, who is quite aged, commenced by saying that she was born a slave in this State, and resided on the banks of the North River, near Albany, until the time of her emancipation, which took place when she was about 25 years of age. During that time she had five different masters, some of whom were very severe, and she related with tears in her eyes the manner in which she had been tied up in the barn, with her clothing stripped from her back, and whipped until the blood stood in pools upon the floor, and scars upon her back were undeniable proofs of her assertion. She had been twice married, and had five children, the oldest being forty years of age. Her husbands and children were torn from her and sold in bondage; the youngest, at the age of five years, having been taken to Alabama. She said that she never had any learning, and while in bondage was not allowed to hear the Bible or any other books read. Her mother often told her of God, and her impressions were that God was a very large human being, who sat in the skies. "About "a year previous to my emancipation, I ran away from "my master, and went to live with Mr. Wagner; it "was here where a change first came over my heart, "and I felt that I was a sinner. I prayed to God and "he answered my prayers, and I have experienced "his blessings. I said, I really believe I am a sinner, "and that Jesus died for me! I had never been to "Church, and never heard any one say this. I believe my only sin consisted in wishing harm to the "white people, but now I love everybody." After speaking of the condition of the coloured race, she spoke of the white people, and their holding human beings in bondage, and asked how it would be with them when summoned before the bar of judgment to answer for their deeds upon earth. The speaker also narrated the history of her mother-in-law, who was stolen from her native land in Africa, and brought to this country and sold in bondage. The lecture was delivered in a simple, yet affecting manner.

We suggest to our friends in the vicinity of this city, and to those further off, that they might do the cause a service by procuring one or more addresses from this devoted, though illiterate, woman. Applications to Dr. James Boyle, No. 21 College Place, or to the Editors of the *Standard*, will receive attention.

SCENE IN THE MUSEUM.—The Managers of our Theatres must mind their *p's* and *q's*, or they will get themselves into trouble with the "lords of the lash." They should serve their plays as the Managers of the Tract and Sunday School Societies do their publications, viz.: get them revised and expurgated by a committee of gentlemen whose love of the Union is sufficiently active to ensure the suppression of such passages as are calculated to disturb the quiet of Southern consciences. Read the following from the *Evening Post* of Tuesday, if you would get an inkling of what is likely to happen if this matter is not attended to:

Last evening Sheridan Knowles's five act comedy of "Love, or the Countess and the Serf," was performed in the lecture room of the American Museum, in the presence of a large assemblage of citizens and strangers. The play was well cast, and the performance of it elicited much applause. The Countess, by Miss Mestayer, was admirably enacted, and the Huon of Mr. C. W. Clarke was performed with the skill of a master by this favourite actor.

In the third act, we believe, the Duke discovers that the serf loves his daughter, and to prevent their union he calls Huon before him, and requests him to sign a paper for his marriage to Catherine. This cuts Huon to the quick, as he loves the Countess, and he refuses to obey the Duke. The latter threatens the serf with death for his disobedience, but it has no effect. Here a little excitement arose, when Huon, replying to the Duke, said:

"What is death compared to *Slavery*?"

The last word was delivered with such emphasis that almost the entire audience began demonstrations of applause, while a few persons in the boxes, probably Southern gentlemen, hissed energetically. There was no allusion to Slavery in the South, and, as Mr. Clarke enacted his part to the life, we could not divine the cause of their displeasure, unless the hated word, in any form, grates harshly upon their consciences.

WHAT HAVE ABOLITIONISTS DONE?

THE following eloquent effusion upon the course and action of the Abolitionists, by Joseph Barker, was uttered in reply to a Cambellite Minister in Salem, Ohio, who had very sneeringly and contemptuously asked, "What have you Abolitionists done?" and endeavoured, by misrepresenting, to excite prejudice against them, and hold them up to scorn.

You ask, "What have the Abolitionists done?" and you intimate that they have done nothing, either in Congress or out of it. I am sorry that you are so in the dark on the subject. It is nothing to your credit, sir. I will tell you some things the Abolitionists have done; but I am sorry I cannot do them justice. They have done their duty, sir. They have satisfied their own consciences. They have freed themselves from responsibility for the inhuman system of Slavery, and for all its infamous and internal appendages. They have done for the oppressed and plundered, as they would have others do for them. They have crowned themselves with eternal honours. They have earned the gratitude of the world. They have endeared themselves to the lovers of freedom in every land. With the fame of their daring and philanthropy, they have filled the civilized world. They have struck a blow at universal despotism. They have entered the list against oppression and tyranny of every kind, in every land. They have proved themselves the friends of universal freedom. They have broken the silence of death which brooded over this country in reference to Slavery. They have disturbed the slumbers of the Church and State, and rendered it impossible for them ever, to sleep again. They have revived the spirit of freedom in the land, and given new vigour to the cause of humanity in both worlds. They have saved to the country the right of the freedom of the press and the freedom of speech. We are indebted to the Abolitionists for the privilege of expressing our views in this place, this morning. The priests and the churches stood by, while pro-slavery violence and mobs attempted to silence and gag the whole land. It was but yesterday that the Whigs and Democrats, backed by the priests and churches whose servants and representatives they are, joined to stifle the soul of this great nation. To the Abolitionists we are indebted for the frustration of their deadly plot.

"What have the Abolitionists done?" They have checked the encroachments of the slaveholders, when they were about to rob the nation of its last remains of freedom. They have driven the tyrant backward, and saved the land. They have kindled the fires of freedom in the hearts of millions. They are feeding the holy flame. They have created a new literature, which is an honour to the country, and a blessing to the world. They have frightened the tyrants of the South, and spread alarm throughout all their ranks. They have made them desperate, and caused them to show signs of that madness which precedes destruction. They have divided the churches, and separated the better portion of the members from the worse. They have destroyed the reputation of your pro-slavery churches and clergy both in America and in Europe. They have made your churches a loathing, and your clergy an abomination. They have shut the English pulpits against your pro-slavery clergy, and closed against them the doors of English hospitality. They have made the vile clerical Editor of the your New York *Christian Observer* as loathsome in the eyes of the people of England, as he is mean and devilish in his own soul and character. Respectable families would not admit him into their houses, nor would the clergy themselves admit him into their pulpits, or allow him to sit by their side on the public platform. He had to skulk in darkness, like a thing of shame. They have destroyed the authority of your pro-slavery churches and priesthoods, and lowered the credit of your slave-holding patriarchs. They have shaken the whole framework of our pro-slavery institutions. They have brought us near the glorious consummation, the abolition of the vilest, the most inhuman and internal system, that ever tortured humanity, or crushed the creation of God.

And they will finish the work, amidst the shouts of enraptured millions, while your idle, selfish, cowardly treacherous churches and priesthoods shall go down with the accursed system they have fostered, to the deepest and darkest hell in all God's universe.

The Abolitionists have done more than this. And they have done it under the most unfavourable circumstances. They have done it with the church and ministry against them. They have done it with the power of the Government against them. They have done it with a powerful and unprincipled press against them. They have done it in the face of mobs and government prosecutions. They have done it in the face of danger and death.

Yes, Sir, the *Abolitionists* have done this, and *not you*. The slaveholders know whose work it is that threatens their unholy gains. It is not you or Alexander Campbell that they abuse. It is not the church and clergy they hate and seek to destroy. It is not your silent and peaceful reformers that they brand as traitors. It is the "Infidel" Abolitionists. It is "infidelity" that troubles the tyrants. It has always been so. The reformatory principle has always been denounced as "infidelity" by the enemies of freedom and humanity. It is so in England. It is so on the Continent of Europe. So common is it for unbelievers to be reformers, that reform and infidelity have come to be names of the same signification in the mouths of multitudes. The fact that a man is a reformer, is considered proof the world over that he it an "infidel." The name infidel is becoming the most honourable name on earth. Men are learning to glory in it. The man who has a foundry in this town is not ashamed to allow the inscription, "INFIDEL FOUNDRY," in front of it, which some of his "Christian" neighbours traced there as a warning to passers by. He thinks the name INFIDEL more creditable than the name BELIEVER. He is right. As things are going, it is far more honourable than your title of orthodox believer. I had rather a thousand times be denounced as an infidel and blasphemer among mammon-worshippers, child-stealers, and men-hunters, and traders in their own flesh and blood, who bleach the complexion of their slaves by incest and adultery, to make them a more marketable commodity, than have the highest honours a pro-slavery church or priesthood has to bestow. The blackest title given me by a kidnapping, slave-holding church or Government, would be glory itself compared to the honours to be purchased by such speeches as the one you made this morning, or the infamous doctrine inculcated by your Brother Alexander Campbell in his disgraceful periodical.

POLITICAL KNAVERY.—We have copied an article from the *Evening Post*, in another column, to which we invite particular attention. Note how coolly the Editor and his correspondent admit the utter hypocrisy of their party, in respect to its resolutions on the Fugitive Slave Law, while they in the same breath eulogize the *honesty* of the candidates, who must necessarily sanction that hypocrisy if they accept their respective nominations. The *Post* ought to have enough of manliness to abandon a party which, on its own showing, is so utterly corrupt as to adopt resolutions which it has no intention of carrying into effect. Is there any ditch so filthy that the sham Democracy of this country would not readily plunge into it for the sake of office?

GOODELL'S ANTI-SLAVERY HISTORY.

THE following official document of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society should have appeared last week, but was excluded by more pressing matter:

BOSTON, Aug. 30, 1853.

The Rev. DANIEL FOSTER, as an Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, having been instructed not to offer for sale, in his official character, a work by WILLIAM GOODELL, entitled "SLAVERY AND ANTI-SLAVERY: A History of the Great Struggle in both Hemispheres;" Mr. FOSTER, in consequence of this instruction, having relinquished his Agency, and given the impression that he has been restricted in his freedom by a narrow and intolerant spirit; and the publicity of this case having elicited, in various quarters, (generally inimical to the Society), animadversions condemnatory of the course pursued toward Mr. FOSTER; the Board of Managers deem it proper briefly to state why they cannot give their sanction to the work aforesaid, or permission to any Agent of the Society to assist in its sale and circulation.

The Board hold themselves strictly responsible to those by whom they have been entrusted with the management of the affairs of the Society; and receiving the contributions and donations of such, from time to time, they are in honour bound to see that this fund is judiciously and faithfully expended in promoting the cause of the enslaved, through the Anti-Slavery organization. To apply any portion of it to the employment of any Agent, or the circulation of any work, hostile to the basis, position and success of the American Anti-Slavery Society, its auxiliaries and uncompromising advocates, would be clearly a breach of trust, and a proof of the utter incompetency of the Board to discharge the duties of their office.

They deem it unnecessary to go into any examination of the motives of Mr. GOODELL, in writing that portion of his History which relates to the American Anti-Slavery Society—the memorable secession from it in 1840—the *National Standard*, its official organ—the divisions in Massachusetts—the *Liberator*, and the position and course of Mr. GARRISON—the formation of the American *and Foreign* Anti-Slavery Society—the subject of political action—&c. &c. Nor do they

MUCH IN LITTLE.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* states that Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, since her return home, has received from this city, by mail, a letter of approbation on account of her sermon at Metropolitan Hall, and of sympathy in view of her trying position in the Temperance Convention. The letter made her the almoner, to the poor of her parish, of a hundred dollar note. This may be set down as one of the fruits of vulgar abuse heaped upon Miss Brown by the "Satanic Press."

——Antoinette L Brown, we learn from the *Tribune*, was ordained as pastor of the Orthodox Congregational Church of South Butler, Wayne County, on Thursday, the 15th inst. The ceremony was performed according to the primitive Congregational plan. The sermon was preached by Rev. Luther Lee (Wesleyan), of Syracuse, from Gal. 3: 28—"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female," &c. The object of the discourse was to vindicate, on Scriptural grounds, the right of woman to preach the gospel. The ordaining prayer was offered by Elder McCoon, Baptist minister at South Butler. Rev. Mr. Hicks, of Walworth, gave the charge, and Gerrit Smith made an appropriate address on the occasion The sermon of Mr. Lee is to be published. Miss Brown's theology being orthodox, her Presbyterian and Congregational maligners hardly know how to deal with the fact of her induction into the pastoral office. They will probably wish that her creed was that of a Unitarian or Universalist, for then they could set it all down as the fruit of "infidelity."

——"Uncle Tom's Cabin," says the *Tribune*, "has become almost world-wide in its currency and fame. Hardly less than One Million copies of it have been printed in various countries, and the work of translation and multiplication to-day goes on with unflagging energy. 'It is nightly played at not less than half a dozen theatres, and attracts crowded houses at the *National* in this city, where it has been played exclusively for a term longer than any distinct consciousness on our part that there was a National Theatre in this City. Songs founded on its more affecting incidents are beginning to be sung at nearly every house, and we expect yet to witness Uncle Tom transfigured in a grand Italian opera—perhaps with Mario as Uncle Tom, Grisi as Eliza and the latest successful *debutante* as the gentle Eva. We hear that a Mr. Hays, a painter in India, is preparing a series of fifty pictures or scenes representing the whole story from the first to the last chapter. It is highly spoken of by those who have seen it; but how competent or how impartial it may be, we have no means of determining. It will in due season be exhibited."

——Evidence enough has already been given to show that the call of the late World's Convention was *designedly* made equivocal, so that, as the *Tribune* pertinently says, had no "niggers and women" appeared as delegates—as it was supposed none would—the managers might boast of their liberality, and declare the *Whole* World's Convention a poor device of certain agitators to get their names before the public. The *Providence Tribune*—an organ of the Marsh sort of Temperance men—no longer ago than the 1st inst., thus expounded the call of Hewitt, Cary, Marsh and Co.'s World's Convention.

"From what we know of the men to whom the preliminary arrangements of the meeting have been entrusted, we feel authorized to say that all the privileges of membership will be extended to every delegate whether rich or poor, male or *female*, black or white."

And ex-Mayor Barstow of Providence, who was one of the co-workers of Marsh, Chambers and Co. at the Brick Church Meeting (says the *Rhode Island Freeman*),

"declared to us, in the office of the *Advocate*, soon after the call for the World's Convention was issued, that *women were entitled by it to sit in the Convention, and to speak* on the platform."

TEMPERANCE.

Dr. Lees, the English lecturer on temperance, made a successful speech at the Convention in Boston; when he had finished, a reporter perpetrated the following impromptu:

In the Bible we're told about "*wine* on the *lees*,"
But a difference is here, I opine,
For here, on a temperance platform, each sees
A reverse—it is *Lees* upon wine.

——In Maine it is thought the opponents of the Liquor Law will not be able to muster more than 25 votes in the next Legislature.

——The Legislature just elected in Vermont is not likely to repeal the Maine Law; for, though the House is supposed to be in favour of repeal, the Senate is firmly the other way.

——Wendell Phillips has been made an honorary member of the Ninth Ward Neal Dow Total Abstinence Society of this city. This is the Society which appointed Mr. P. a delegate to the World's Convention.

——Wisconsin is all alive to the question of a Prohibitory Law. Mrs. C. I. H Nichols, Mrs. Lydia F. Fowler and Mr. Lucien Burleigh have gone there to lecture, and Barnum is already in the field.

——England is now extensively agitated by the proposition to prohibit by law the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks. The friends of temperance there see the folly of half-way measures, and are determined to strike for the Maine Law.

——The Massachusetts Temperance Convention, held last week, in Boston, proclaimed its determination not to admit women to membership. Mr. Garrison made an unsuccessful effort to get the vote rescinded. The friends of equality can wait!

——Wendell Phillips has addressed an able letter, through the *Tribune*, to Neal Dow, explaining and justifying his course as a member of the World's Temperance Convention, and commenting in appropriate terms upon the treatment awarded to Miss Brown, and upon the rejection of himself as a delegate. His statement of the matter is clear and truthful, and will serve no doubt to dispel some of the prejudices excited in various quarters by the misrepresentations of the pro-slavery press. The Neal Dow total Abstinence Society, which Mr. Phillips represented, has also made an explanatory statement through the same channel. We make an extract, as follows:

The rejection of Mr. Phillips and his co-delegates, whether we regard the act itself, the manner of its performance, or the spirit by which it was dictated, we hesitate not to brand as alike disorderly and disgraceful to the parties concerned in it. It was a violation of the spirit no less than the letter of the call, but worthy of men who could drown the voice of a noble and Christian woman by mobocratic violence, and forbear to assert the supremacy of the "Higher Law" in deference to the traffickers in human flesh!

If the rulers of the Convention had shown as much zeal for the cause of Temperance as they did to gag and insult Miss Brown and exclude Mr. Phillips, the world would not have had occasion, as they now have, to say that they disgraced themselves and injured the enterprise for the promotion of which they came together. The spectacle of clergymen and professed advocates of a philanthropic cause thumping the floor with their heels and canes after the pattern of a rum-caucus, and insulting a woman with vulgar and mobocratic vociferations, is one which we hope may never again be presented in our City. It is worth something, however, in the long run, to the cause of sobriety and good order, to constrain men capable of such conduct to drop the mask and show themselves in their true colours.

The same Society has made Mr. Phillips an honorary member.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" continues to be played nightly to crowded audiences at the National Theatre. Slaveholders and Abolitionists sit side by side and weep together under the powerful influence of the play. The audience on Monday evening, according to the *Express*, was composed, to a large extent, of Clergymen and members of the Church. We are glad to hear this, and hope they will learn a lesson of humanity from that source which too many of their class have failed to learn elsewhere.

The Russian, Prussian and Austrian Ministers have filed in the State Department a protest against the conduct of Capt. Ingraham. Russia and Prussia side with Austria against the United States. Secretary Marcy's views on this momentous matter are matured, and occupy upward of 80 manuscript pages. It will be the grand document of the Administration, and will be spread before the public in a few days.—*Telegraphic Dispatch.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Isaac T. Hopper; a True Life. By L. Maria Child. *Boston: John P Jewett & Co.*

Had we never seen or heard of Isaac T. Hopper, and had, by chance, taken up this biography, we should have read it, probably, with nearly as much interest as the history of a life, as we now do as the memoir of a venerated and benevolent friend; and this not merely because of the reputation of its author, and the attractive simplicity of the style of the narration—so in keeping with the simplicity of the character of its subject—but because of its marked contrast with the ordinary biographies of private people in whom centre no special public or historic interest. For as these are made up, in great part, of records of feeling and opinion, so this book deals not so much with what its subject thought or felt, as with what he did. The difference in men is not so much, after all, in thought and feeling, as in action, and therefore it is that the biographies of private persons being, for the most part, portions of the inner man, are limited for any influence they may exert, or interest they may excite, almost to private circles. A life becomes interesting and influential—setting aside all personal feeling—as its relations to its time were extended, so that we read with more avidity the life of a public man, though he may have been a bad one, than that of a private person, however amiable, and however blessed with pure thoughts and blameless behaviour, but whose world was narrow. But when a private life has all this interest of a wide-spread influence upon the lives of other men, while it does not part with the charm of privacy and of personality, then it is, if rightly told, that it commands an attention, surpassing that given to all others. It is this characteristic of this book, we take it, which makes its first charm. Isaac T. Hopper was a man of deeds, and the proper record of his life is a record of never-ceasing action—action of that kind indeed behind which lies a very true and deep life of the soul, of the mind, evident to the most careless observer, but not dwelt upon, specially, by his biographer, as that most claiming our attention and reverence. We revere him not only for his private worth, we regard him not only for the beauty of his private relations, but we are interested, to see how a life, comparatively humble, exercised so wide an influence, and to read of its devotion to acts which made it, in the general and lasting good it did, a public one.

As we have the poor always with us, so the world is never without a due proportion of good men and women whose special mission it is to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and succour the afflicted. This is an ordinary form of virtue—some share of which few are without. Common humanity teaches the grace of Charity even if Christian precept is forgotten or disregarded; but there is a form of it which goes far beyond old clothes and broken victuals to poor neighbours, or monthly eleemosynary contributions. Then it becomes something more than an impulse, or a compliance with an accepted amenity of the world, and demands a life of sacrifice. Friend Hopper was a charitable man, and his charity was of this character. His neighbour was not merely the poor man in the next street, but classes and races of men the world over. True, the man next door never asked for, or needed without the asking, his aid without getting it; and few men go through life doing so much good of this kind as he did. But it was not that that distinguished him. Every age has its great minds to lead men to new applications of the old truths. Friend Hopper was not only of these benefactors and prophets—meeting also with their reward—but his life was a daily and practical application of the principles he taught. He was not only an Abolitionist, but his relation to the black man was precisely what anybody's might be, fifty or a hundred years hence, when Anti-Slavery is among the world's virtues. He was the friend to the prisoner, and the outcast, not merely according to the somewhat abstract principles of Prison Discipline, but practically and absolutely, as though these unfortunate and wretched people were, in very deed, his brothers whom he could not despise, nor believe much worse than himself. And it was this—which was as true of him generally as in the particular cases we refer to—that made him a remarkable man. It was not merely that he preached—others do that; and not merely that he practiced what he preached, for others do that also; but it was that his whole life was, so to speak, a precept and a prophecy; that he lived, constantly and habitually, in the world as if it were as it ought to be; and seemingly unconscious that his relation to it was anything remarkable or uncommon. He aided more than a thousand slaves to escape from their masters, and the circumstances connected with these cases not only made his life a romance, but one such as never fell to the lot of any other man. His friendship, and the aid he extended, to the coloured race never ceased, and cannot be calculated. Almost unnumbered people were raised by him from degradation, and saved from vice and crime. Yet all these acts, his daily habitual acts, were so many testimonies to the causes in behalf of which a few are still labouring, while with him they seemed and were as natural, and spontaneous, and inevitable as though the world around him prompted them in him, and shared them with him.

Such a life, though it "still lives" in thousands of grateful hearts, can not, because it influenced and aided so many, be fully written. The best the biographer could do was to present the most striking points of the character, and so group some of the details of the habitual and daily life that a correct, though general, impression should be given of it. We think Mrs. Child has succeeded in this, and that the friends of the good old man will cherish for its faithfulness and its beauty the portrait she has painted, and that the world will recognise the ideal of a true life, though that life was spent in succouring and saving those whom the world specially despises and hates. The book also has a historical value, though now only, comparatively, to a few. Isaac T. Hopper was a very active and important person in the schism which divided Friends into the Hicksite and Orthodox bodies, and the causes and the character of that division are clearly set forth by Mrs. Child. Of that other division, as it may be called, which resulted in the disownment of Isaac T. Hopper, Charles Marriot, and J. S. Gibbons, and which was not less important than the former, inasmuch as Friends, most unwittingly, it is true, but most certainly, then so shook their church to its foundations that its walls have ever since been tumbling down piece-meal, the history is very fully and carefully given. The calm and clear statement of facts, setting forth, in all its naked deformity, that act of Friends, may perhaps expose the book to some obloquy among them; and indeed it is not on any account likely to be a popular one among them, inasmuch as the life of this Quaker was a rebuke and reproach to the Quakerism that could not suffer it; but when the latter history of that sect shall come to be written, the relation of Mrs. Child will be referred to as the first open chapter of the decline and fall of the Society.

We have not given, nor did we intend to give, a sketch of the life of Friend Hopper. We presume few would thank us for that at second hand which they mean to get for themselves from the book. We need not add that we hope it will be as widely read as its subject and its interest demand; nor do we think that we shall be disappointed.

Modern Flirtations, a Novel; by Catharine Sinclair, author of "Beatrice." *Stringer & Townsend, New York.*

Our reverence for the New York Clergy, who recommended "Beatrice" in warm terms to lay readers, induced us, some time ago, to attempt the reading of it. We tried not once, nor twice, nor thrice only, but several more times to get fairly into it; but our luck was very bad indeed, as we could not possibly, with the best intentions, and a good share of patience, go beyond a half-dozen pages. We were willing to suppose, however, that the fault was in us and not the book, nor yet in its backers, and so were glad to take up Modern Flirtations.

We are indebted to the publishers for a copy, and, in return, began to read in good faith. The second page of the preface informed us that historians and biographers, when they write, "dip the pen of veracity into the ink of retrospection;" and, as the sailors say, we "belayed" at that, and put the book by for another opportunity. We tried again, and the next page brought us to authors "taking up a porcupine quill dipped in gall," to write of fashionable society; and we "belayed" again. But we didn't give it up so, and on the next trial got six pages into the story. On the second page we saw Sir Arthur "*breaking* into a smile," after exclaiming that the "public is an ass!" On the fourth page the "young Cornet" turned away "with a smile, but it was a smile of *bitterness* almost amounting to *remorse*," and we went on two pages more in the hope of learning what kind of a smile that was, but didn't find out. We have not yet made the third attempt, but will not therefore leave the book longer unnoticed. We can assure our readers, however, that the novel is a fashionable novel, as all Miss Sinclair's are; that Miss Sinclair, moreover, is the sister of a Bishop, and a very pious lady; and all her novels, therefore, are very pious. We are quite safe, doubtless, in concluding that the piety of the books is of a kind that is admitted into the best circles, and that may be administered at the tenderest age. If anybody, therefore, wants religious novels, these of Miss Sinclair's are, no doubt, just the thing for them.

Facts and Opinions touching the Real Origin, Character and Influence of The American Colonization Society: Views of Wilberforce, Clarkson and others, and Opinions of the Free People of Colour of the United States. By G. B. Stebbins. Preface by Hon. William Jay. *Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.*

When we reflect that the Colonization Society is now nearly forty years old, and that, after all its expenditure of money on agents, newspapers, pamphlets, and reports, and with all its official patronage, the result, after so long a lapse of time, is one beggarly and pitiful little colony in Liberia, there hardly seems reason to fear that it can ever be powerful for much mischief. Up to this time there have been, we believe, but two books written to expose its character, Garrison's Thoughts, and Jay's View, but these have been such an ample magazine of facts and arguments that the coloured people and the Abolitionists have had very little difficulty in counteracting its influence. Hardly a coloured man has ever gone to Liberia except upon compulsion, or as an alternative for Slavery, and these facts would seem to show that this scheme of expatriation is too generally and thoroughly understood to be much dreaded. There is, nevertheless, a good deal of vitality in it yet, and it does not want for powerful friends. As it was originally intended for a sort of safety-valve for Slavery, so it may be kept in existence to answer the same purpose for the growing Anti-Slavery sentiment of the North. It is wise to have a careful watch over it, and to keep the people of the North well informed as to its designs and character, and Mr. Stebbins's book, therefore, is a timely publication. It is a thorough exposition of the whole scheme from the beginning to the present time, gives many facts which have not hitherto been collected together, and covering the period that has elapsed since the publication of the books we just now referred to. If any of our readers are in a neighbourhood where Colonization is likely to gain a foothold, they had better arm themselves with this book; and all may read it with profit who wish to be prepared to meet the subject, or are in any doubt as to its character.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CXXXIII.

The Argument.—*The Correspondent at Northampton—He goeth to Springfield—He indulgeth in tender reminiscences—He visiteth the Armory—The Psalm of Life on the Organ of Death—The View—Compared with those from Holyoke—The Workshops— The great Unshaken-hands-with — The Free Soil Nomination—Complaint of the Correspondent against the Candidate—The Coincidence —Mr. Mann's Reception—His Nomination as Governor of Ohio—Political Christianity—The Whigs at a nonplus— The Democrats unterrified — A chapter on Scornful Dogs and Dirty Puddings, &c. &c. &c.*

Boston, Sept. 20th, 1853.

I wrote to you last week from Lebanon Springs, which place of resort I left on the next day, and proceeded to Northampton, where I spent Monday night. My purpose in going thither was to see Mr. Wendell Phillips, and to rebuke him for the disturbance he was partly the occasion of, the week before, in your well-ordered and well-ministered city. If the law of that late lamented Judge in Israel, Mordecai Manasseh Noah, in his famous charge to the Grand Jury, when that pestilent fellow, Mr. Garrison, just broached his Disunion heresies, be sound (as who can doubt the infallibility of any possible Recorder of New York?), in which he instructed the Inquest that if the Abolitionists should be mobbed, it was to bring in True Bills against *them* as the occasion of the mob; I say if this be good law, then surely the Rev. Miss Brown and Mr. Phillips have much to answer for in provoking the Riot of the Black Coats and White *Choakers*, to be known henceforth in your Annals as "The Ministers' Mob," on the Platform of the Temperance Convention, week before last. In common justice, it is not the Reverend Rynderses who merely kicked up that row that deserve castigation, but the miscreants whose important unintrusion made it unavoidable on the part of those guileless victims. I do not know whether conscience had done its perfect work, and that this offender, fearing to meet my severe presence, had fled from before my face, but the fact is that he had escaped that same Monday morning to Boston, having arrived in Northampton only late on the Saturday night preceding. You may draw your own inferences from this circumstance, as I did mine. But still, I spent the afternoon and evening in grave and serious discourse with a valued friend, from which, I trust, we parted mutually edified and comforted—so that my visit to Jonathan Edwards's town was not wholly lost.

The next morning I returned as far as Springfield, a place for which I cannot help feeling a warm affection, in consideration of the brilliant and animated welcome it awarded, some two years ago, to Mr. George Thompson, in which I had the good fortune to partake. Crowds thronged the streets to receive us, bonfires blazed in our honour, micrological and geological specimens were absolutely showered upon us, statues were extemporized to the chief Guest of the City, and were entertained with vocal and instrumental serenades throughout the night. But such glories are transient in their nature, and only leave their memory to console us for their loss. As I walked unnoticed through the streets, that morning, I could not but contrast its dull tranquillity with that "crowded hour of glorious life." But, as Goldsmith's Contented Sailor said of *prison*, "it was too good to last." I visited the scene of that triumph, called of men, I believe, the Hampden House; I found (as I believe I told you last year) that it had been consumed with fire. A fatal loss to the Historical Associations of Springfield. I dropped a tear (just *one*) on the sidewalks running round the shops which stand on its site. Thus, I exclaimed, does Trade trample upon History! I was in hopes that a marble inscription might have been let into the walls of the building to commemorate the only event which will make the town permanently interesting to travellers, but in vain. The too modest proprietor had foreborne to make his stores prate of the glories of the Eighteenth of Febuary, 1851. But they shall never be forgotten, for all that. My sensibilities were afterwards again aroused at seeing on a sign over a hardware shop the name of Homer Foot, indissolubly connected in some way (I forget what) with that patriotic outburst. Perhaps he celebrated the events of the day in an Epic Poem. And then the Office of the *Springfield Republican*, with what tender emotions did I not contemplate the Cradle of that glorious ebullition! But I forbear. There are limits beyond which Enthusiasm may kindle into frenzy. "'Tis Bliss but to a certain bound, beyond 'tis Agony!"

Having refreshed my mind with the recollection of the admirable manner in which the rights of American citizens had been maintained on the occasion in question, and the rights of hospitality enforced, I walked up the hill to see the Armory, where the Nation keeps the means of the protection and tranquillity we then enjoyed. There I saw the great Organ of a Hundred Thousand Barrels, on which the poet Longfellow once divinely played a Psalm of Life. Nothing could be more perfect in its way than the disposition of this great quantity of muskets. It produces the effect on the mind which perfect order and great numbers combined naturally excite. I might perhaps give you a Sermon on this text; but I forbear trespassing on the Editorial province. I will only say that it was odd to think that the only cause in which these peacemakers were at all likely ever to open their mouths was that of extending the American Shambles for Human Flesh, over new territories. The prospect from the roof of the Armory is a singularly fine one. The outline of hills embracing the valley of the Connecticut, the river winding through it, the town at your feet, the villages and spires in the distance, the tufted trees and scattered farms, made up as fine a picture as one often sees. I think it equal to that from the top of Mount Holyoke. Though there was a view on the side of that hill which I saw last year, in company with Mr. Phillips, which, though different in character, was perhaps equal to either in interest. I also visited the workshops and saw the whole process of making the stocks and finishing off the barrels and locks. It was very curious to see the machinery doing its work like a live creature, and saving the labour of hundreds of men. It really seemed as if a man might be killed at a less expense of pains and ingenuity. The grounds are kept in a manner which shows that our Uncle Samuel can do things handsomely when he has a mind to. There was also some sort of Inquiry going on before a Commission; which I went in to look at, for the purpose of seeing its President, the Hon. Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, with whom O'Connell refused to shake hands, when Minister to St. James's, as a Slaveholder, and who challenged the *Liberator* to mortal combat, for that or some other disrespect to our Supreme Institution. I left Springfield after dinner (and a very good one, let me tell you), at the Massasoit House, and arrived at home safely, with my mind much enlarged by foreign travel.

The political parties are beginning to deploy into line for the ensuing campaign. The Free Soilers were the first to take the field, at Fitchburg, last Thursday. You have seen, of course, that they nominated the Hon. Henry Wilson for Governor and the Hon. Amasa Walker for Lt. Governor. This arrangement has been pretty well understood for the last year. Indeed, everybody supposed that he would be the candidate, last year, but, some how or another, the friends of the Hon. Horace Mann cut in and nominated him. This year, however, he had almost an unanimous vote, and the chances are very good that he may be elected by a Coalition Legislature. I have, however, this to allege against this candidate. Not very long since, General Wilson (for he is a General, or has been) laboured for the conversion of your Corresponding Editor to Free Soil. He urged that eminent person to leave his present untenable and impracticable position and come up to a party where he could do something. He evidently made an impression on the mind of your distinguished coadjutor, who said to him, "Well, General Wilson, I'll tell you what, every man has his price and I have mine. And mine is, that you get me the Nomination for Governor at the next Free Soil Convention." And yet you see the result. Another instance added to the catalogue of the triumphs of a selfish Ambition over the highest interests of the country and mankind! The events of the day of the Convention were agreeably diversified by the entirely unexpected arrival of the Hon. Horace Mann on his way Westward Ho. This singular coincidence certainly deserves to be ranked alongside of that of the simultaneous death of Adams and Jefferson on the 4th of July, 1826—which caused everybody on 'Change in Boston (a bet was settled by it) to exclaim "what a wonderful coincidence!" except one, who said, "what a wonderful coinsydence!" Still, he could not pass through unnoticed, and he was met by the Convention at the Station and escorted to the Hall, where he had a great Reception and made a Speech. But then he was rewarded for it, for the Convention, not content with having nominated a Governor for Massachusetts, in the most liberal manner nominated him for Governor of Ohio! After which, like Sancho when he departed for the Island of Barataria, "he was attended by a great concourse of friends as he went to take possession of his government." Certainly, in view of Mr. Mann's political history, the Free Soilers can never be obnoxious to the charge of infidelity alleged against the Garrisonians. There can be no doubt that they are "sad good Christians in the heart."

The poor Whigs are quite to seek for a candidate. Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Choate, Mr. Winthrop, and other notabilities, shrink from the distinction. This is attributed, by the enemy, to a foreboding that the triumph of the Coalition is certain. But this can hardly be. For, inasmuch as no candidate was ever known who wished to be elected, certainly this is the very concatenation of circumstances a disinterested patriot would covet for a Nomination. The plaguy Maine Law, moreover, is a bothering element in the canvass. The Hunker Democrats are earnest that the purity of their immaculate party should be kept clear from any spot or blemish of Abolitionism. I noticed an indignant article in the *Post*, this morning, to that effect. But whether the exhortations of a man enjoying about the best office in Massachusetts (the Naval Office) will be listened to by the crowd of hungry dogs, who are not too scornful to eat dirty puddings—even if tainted by "Free *dirt*"—remains to be seen. The loyalty of the *Post* is safe enough. For, as Cobbett used to say, "there's no making a fellow with a full belly a rebel." But it is the opinion of the empty ones that will settle the question.—D. Y.

SUMMARY.

Liberality.—Mr. Tufts, of Medford, who gave the site for the Universalist College on Walnut Hill, has made his will, giving two hundred thousand dollars to the College.

——Ex-Senator Hannegan.—Ex-Senator Hannegan is said to be now an active supporter of Temperance reform in Indiana.

——Mathew Hale Smith has recovered his health, and thinks of resuming the ministerial office. He now professes great regard for the Baptist denomination.

—— Methodist Female College.—The Methodists of Maine are taking measures to raise $25,000, for the establishment of a Female Collegiate Institute.

—— Ladies' Paper.—A weekly newspaper to be called "The Ladies' Paper" is shortly to be established in New York. It is to be printed by women.

—— The Next World's Peace Congress.—The great Peace Congress, at Edinburgh, is now fixed for the 12th and 13th of October, and a very large attendance is expected from the old and the new world.

——High Rock Cottage, in Lynn, owned by the late Jesse Hutchinson (of the Hutchinson Family), was sold at auction, a few days since, for $6,700, to Mr. Andrew Hutchinson.

——The Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, advertises that it will hold an exhibition of American Manufactures, in that city, from the 18th to the 29th of October next, in the great halls of the Museum Buildings.

——Shakspeare.—Mr. W. E. Burton is preparing an illustrated edition of Shakspeare's works, which will cost at least *one hundred thousand dollars!* The illustrations, it is said, are to be superior to anything of the kind ever witnessed on this side of the Atlantic.

——The *Eastern Argus* is responsible for this:

"Slander.—An exchange paper says of the election in Maine: 'The aggregate vote is very *tight* throughout the State.' We ask leave to correct. The vote was very *loose*—the Maine Liquor Law would prevent its 'getting *tight*.'"

——Baby without a Centre.—At the recent Convention of the members of the American Bible Union, one of the speakers gave his peroration in this style, viz: "Some have sneered at this Society as at a little baby, but I can tell them that the little baby has grown and grown, and grown, until his circumstance is everywhere, and his centre is nowhere."

——Sale of a White Man.—Charles Denoyer, an intemperate white man, convicted of vagrancy, at Carondolet, near St Louis, was sold at auction at the court-house door, in the latter city, on the 9th inst., for the sum of *ten cents!* He was subsequently redeemed by the spectators, on the condition that he should leave the State immediately.

——Book Peddling.—The *Cincinnati Commercial* says that during the last six years, twelve book venders have sold at the city wharf, in that city, books of the value of $127,350, on which they have realized a profit of a little more than $60,000, or about 100 per cent. making $6000 to each of the venders for the term of six years.

——Rum in Cincinnati.—The *Louisville Courier* mentions among the Sunday sports of Cincinnati, the following: "Five wives whipped by drunken husbands; grand regatta on the river between boatmen; eighteen men and three women arrested for disorderly conduct in the streets; several robberies and an infinite number of pockets picked."

——The birth of a son to Otto and Jenny Goldschmidt, at Dresden, August 5th, is announced. The mother's song now undoubtedly is "Sweet Home;" and who would not like to hear her sing it? Think too what lullabies that baby gets for nothing! If he proves not a quiet child and easily soothed—he cannot have an ear for music and must be cross indeed!—*Christian Register.*

——Poetry by a Coloured Man.—The Detroit *Democrat* very favourably reviews a new work entitled *America, and other Poems*, by J. M. Whitfield, a young coloured man of that city, giving copious extracts from the same. These indicate a high order of talent, and show that the writer possesses alike a glowing imagination, good taste, and an accurately critical ear.

—— Father Mathew's wonderful reform in Ireland seems to need doing over again. The London *Spectator* states that in 1838, 12,206,342 gallons of whiskey were consumed in that country, which decreased to 5,290,650 gallons in 1842. This was with a population of 8,175,000 souls. But now, with a population of 6,515,794 only, no less than 8,208,256 gallons are consumed.

——Defection from Gen. Pierce.—The N. Y. *Journal of Commerce* (Dem.) comes out against Gen. Pierce, and the administration. It says: "The national feeling of the country has arrived at the solemn judgment that the President has come short of the duties which a great position imposed, and of the high distinction which its performance would unquestionably have conferred."

——The Hudson River Railroad Company have placed on their road "saloon cars," intended for the use of families and parties of friends. They are divided into different apartments, six feet by eight, each apartment furnished with a sofa, chairs and a centre table, and capable of containing eight or nine passengers. These apartments are carpeted, and handsomely adorned. A waiting maid is in attendance, who will furnish refreshments.

——Double Track.—The directors of the New York Central Railroad have made arrangements for laying a double track from Syracuse to Buffalo, and are determined to make the whole road from the Hudson River to Lake Erie (328 miles), a completely appointed double track, in all its arrangements and accomodations inferior to none on this side of the Atlantic. They have ordered 27 additional locomotives, 50 first class passenger cars, and 400 freight cars

—— Oberlin College.—The Twentieth Annual Commencement at Oberlin took place on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. There have been over 1,000 pupils in the institution during the year. One of the female students was a coloured girl, Frances A. Williams, of Cincinnati. Her essay is said to have ranked among the best. The whole number of gentlemen in the College during the year 1852-53, was 561, whole number of ladies 459.

——The True Cause.—The New York Medical *Gazette* has an article intended to disabuse the public of the impression that the recent large mortality in this city was the result of the hot weather alone—arguing that the true cause of death was a paralysis of the stomach, rather than "congestion of the brain," induced by the use of stimulating liquors. The editor says "We record it as a witness and not as a disputant, that we have seen no case of serious or dangerous character, in which the patient had not been indulging in intoxicating drinks, while heated in an atmosphere ranging above 90 deg. in the shade."

——Kossuth's Sisters.—Three sisters of Kossuth are living in New York. One is at the head of a boarding-house at No. 1 Irving Place, and the others, who have recently arrived in this country, are at 761 and 762 Broadway, near Ninth street, where they intended opening a lace and silk store, about the 1st of September. Five years ago they were wealthy themselves. But because they were sisters and wives, their property was sold and they imprisoned They are now reduced to absolute poverty. It is not yet a year since their mother died at Brussels And one of them is within that short period a widow.

——Who Catches Slaves at the South.—"*A Southerner*," in the *National Era*, says: "No man in a slave State—be he ever so low in society—if he has the least claim to decency, will aid in arresting a runaway slave. This is well understood by Southerners; and a man would degrade himself in the eyes of any Southern community who would do so. A low officer is always hired to do such duty."

A low officer, like the Marshal of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, whom slaveholders could hire in a free State, to restore their slaves to them, is about the sort of cattle they would like The Maryland newspapers are just now puffing Marshal Wynkoop for his foresight in driving with the coloured man Fisher *incog.*, in a private carriage, to a place of safety.—*Del. Co. Rep.*

——Bold Robbery, but Bolder Acknowledgement.—The dwelling house of John P. Jewett, the well-known publisher, Harrison Avenue, Boston, was broken into on Sunday, the 4th inst., while the family were absent from the city, thoroughly ransacked, and robbed of silver plate, jewlry, clothing, and other articles, amounting in all to about $500. The thief left behind the following letter:

"To the Land Lord, Present. Sept. 4th, '53.

"*Dear Sir:* I have been by poverty compelled to rob your house. I can truly say against my 'conscience.' I have honesty, but poverty knows no bounds.

"I shall repay you two fold in a few months.

"Yours truly, 'Poverty.'"

——Distressing Occurrences in Indiana.—One night last week a fire occurred about fifteen miles from Lawrenceburg, Dearborn county, by which the house of Mr. Kissel was burned, and, shocking to relate, a little grand-daughter, seven years old, sleeping in the second story, was consumed in the flames. All that remained, a few bones, were gathered up the the next day and buried. Mr. Kissel was so overwhelmed with grief at the loss of the little girl that he could not find heart to forward the sad intelligence to the child's mother (who was his own daughter) living in Cincinnati, until another casualty made the blow a doubly heavy one to her. A few days after the fire the old gentleman, Kissel, went down into the well, belonging to the house, to repair or clean it. The air being impure he was afflicted by the damps, and drawn up a corpse.—*New Albany, Ind. Ledger, Aug.* 26.

—— The Richmond *Examiner* admits "the melancholy decline of Virginia," but refuses to see, in the extensive emigration of people from the State, a cause of anxiety and regret. In fact, emigration is a good thing, and the flight of inhabitants a blessing to a country; the only healthy tendency of an agricultural region is toward large estates and sparse population (what a pity Virginia should have more than one owner and inhabitant)! those who migrate leave a freer field to the energy and industry of those left behind; industrial enterprise and manufactures should not be much desired by the South; and it is wholesome for a State to grow slowly, and have its maturity retarded (What a bad country the United States must be to come to)!

This is the sort of nourishment foddered out to the Democracy of Virginia by their ablest writers. If such nonsense finds a market there, however, it's no business of ours.—*Tribune.*

——Tweedledum and Tweedle Dee.—The *Evening Post*, which brazenly asserted that the Compromise and Fugitive Slave Law were not really endorsed by the Pierce Baltimore Convention, now contrives to crawl through so small a hole as this:

"The Syracuse Resolutions.—We copy below the resolutions passed by the two divisions of the Democratic party, at the Conventions held in Syracuse We have been careful to designate each series by the names of the party to which they belong, in order to enable the reader to discover the difference. It will be seen, however, that those of the Unionists are vastly superior in one respect to the other set—they give in their adherence, in general terms, to a fugitive slave law, rather than to *the* fugitive law."

Ah, neighbour! this is unworthy even of you! Just kick all these rotten Platforms over, and speak as you really think!—*Tribune.*

——High Life at Newport.—A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Newport, Sept. 7th, says:

"It appears that a certain Mr. Morgan, who has been sojourning at the Touro Street House, has (under what circumstances of provocation, we are not enabled to say, but it matters little, for nothing could justify the act), inflicted personal chastisement upon his amiable and defenceless wife, who is a daughter of Dudley Selden, Esq., of New York. Her cries, as we are told, alarmed the inmates of the hotel, who forthwith hastened to her rescue. A high-minded and honourable gentleman, Mr. Isaac Hone, whose heart is ever open to the plea of unprotected distress, then came forward to her relief, and having obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*, proceeded with the sheriff to carry out the same.

The lady is now with her servant and three children at the Bellevue. The case came up before the judges at the court-house in this place yesterday, and will be resumed some time during the ensuing week. In the meantime, the judge has appointed a guardian for the lady, in the person of Rev. Mr. Dumont, of this place —a gentleman in every respect fitted to do credit to the trust imposed upon him. The counsel for the defendant are Henry T. Cranston & Son; Messrs Sheffield, Perry, and Turner being retained for the plaintiff.

——An Item for the Marvellous.—The following remarkable statements were made to us by Mr. Robert L. Ellis, of Medford, deacon of the first Baptist church, and a very excellent man. On Wednesday evening last, a Mr. Edwards, a member of a band, died suddenly at his residence on Ship street. Mr. Ellis kindly called upon the afflicted family to tender his services to perform those offices required at such a time. He had been in the house but a few moments when he heard the notes of a post-horn coming seemingly from an apartment in the house; the sounds were repeated at intervals of from five to ten minutes at least half-a-dozen times. Annoyed by it, he searched the house and vicinity to discover the cause, but without success. There were ten or twelve other persons in the room, all of whom heard the sounds, and all were utterly at a loss to account for them. Mr Litchfield, a very respectable man, who occupies a part of the house, suggested that the sounds proceeded from a certain closet. It was opened, and they were more distinct. On a shelf laid the post-horn of the deceased. It was removed by request, the sounds ceased, and have not since been heard. We know Mr. Ells personally as a gentleman of intelligence and strictest integrity. He says all who were there will testify to the same facts. Here is then an item for the marvellous, and which has caused no little excitement in Medford.—*Boston Chronicle.*

——Flogging.—Fogyism in this country opposed rigidly the abolition of corporeal punishment in the Navy. In the English Army, seven years ago, a man in the regiment of Colonel White died of the effects of the martinet lashings he received; and thereupon the leading London journals undertook to awaken public attention to a reform. This reform was carried through, and let us look at the result of seven years' no flogging in the Army, or the flogging so cut down as to have little or no affinity with the old system.

The English Army has 132 corps of cavalry and infantry. In 1847, there were 97 of these regiments which could number no case of corporeal punishment; from 12 regiments no returns were made; and in the remaining 23, throughout the year 42 soldiers were flogged. In 1848, 94 men were punished, but 83 regiments made no report of punishment. The next year the flogging fell to 53. In 1850, 58 men were flogged. Or, in other words, out of an army of 110,000 men, less than one in a thousand were punished. As 104 regiments can dispense with corporeal punishment out of 132, the reform can reach the remaining 28, and the abolition be complete. Such seems the impending state of humanities in England. The bare mention of such changes was received with horror by the fogies of the army, but look at the result! It is a study for this side of the water.—*Tribune.*

Died, in Milford, Mass., Sept. 12, Mr. David Stearns Godfrey, aged 42. Mr. G. was of the old firm of Godfrey & Mayhew, doing business extensively in Milford and Boston.

At the time of his death, he was President of the Savings Bank at Milford, and had been since its institution. Perhaps no man among us enjoyed more largely the love and confidence of his fellow-citizens here, and of his numerous friends and acquaintances elsewhere, than the deceased. He was particularly esteemed for his invariable kindness and great liberality to the poor, the unfortunate. In him the wretched slave had an old, stanch, firm friend, who had been doing, for years, all in his power, with his tongue, his

Miscellaneous Department.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS AND THE INQUISITION.

* * * * * * *

It would be an almost endless work to trace even the grossest superstitions of this class to their true origin, in the popish legends of hermitages, convents, churches, shrines, &c., or the deliberate forgery of bishops, priests, monks and Jesuits (see *Acta Sanctorum*, in 50 vols. folio), or to the more ancient pagan traditions from which some of them doubtless were derived (see *St. Patrick's Purgatory*). It is quite as much as can be accomplished in a column of a newspaper to present a brief sketch of the proceedings of one branch of the European inquisition with sorcerers, witches and magicians. The whole subject is worthy of more attention than it has received, as a just view of the history of this melancholy fact would lead the mind to some very sound and important conclusions of a practical as well as of a doctrinal nature.

This train of thought has been often suggested by the sight of Slovente's History of the Spanish Inquisition, to a chapter of which the reader is referred for numerous details which, even in some of the abridgments of that work, occupy a large space, although the author originally professed to give only a brief history of that branch of his subject. The proceeding of the "Holy Office" in cases of pretended magic and sorcery, he says, are marked by circumstances incredible at the present day, particularly of those "broiled" by the inquisitors in Spain at different periods, and chiefly in the beginning of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. "Those procedures will give a just idea of the superstitious ignorance of the inquisitors, and show how greatly those monks retarded civilization, and condensed the shades which enveloped entire populations, by condemning, as convicted of sorcery and magic, imbeciles and fools, whom it would have been far more humane to have enlightened; and hypocrites and jugglers, who ought to have been unmasked, to cover them with shame."

In 1507, the Inquisition of Calahoova burned more than thirty women as sorcerers and magicians. They belonged to a very numerous "sect," who recognised the devil as their master and patron, and paid him a portentious kind of worship. Twenty years after, it was discovered that a great number of persons in Navarre were engaged in the practice of sorcerers under the name of *Jurguinas*. Two girls belonging to the sect denounced their associates, and they were sent with fifty horsemen to different villages, which they indicated, to point them out for arrest. The girls professed to know them by some mark in the left eye, and they confessed their guilt in prison, and (probably under promises, threats or torture) pleaded guilty to various charges, among which was that of flying through the air by the power of a certain ointment. They held periodical assemblies in distant places, yet attended mass, though the host always appeared to them black.

One of the older women was promised her liberty if she could make her escape by supernatural means, and a commissioner ascended a tower with her to make an experiment in the presence of a crowd. She applied the ointment and called in a loud voice to the spirit: "Are you there?" when the spectators heard a voice in the air reply: "Yes, here I am!" The old women then "crept down the side of the tower headforemost with her hands and feet, like a lizard," and when half-way to the ground "flew off and disappeared near the horizon." A large reward was offered for her, and some shepherds brought her back two days after, having found her in the fields three leagues distant, where she said her master had left her. More than one hundred and fifty women were sentenced *on this evidence* and received two hundred lashes each and a long imprisonment.

Several sorcerers of Arragon were condemned merely on the testimony of persons who had heard tales told of their operations, but had *never seen* them. As they declared their innocence, they were committed to the flames as *obstinate* servants of the devil.

The curate of the village of Bargota, in the diocese of Calahoova, was condemned by the inquisitors of Loprono, who, among other crimes, convicted him of making long and rapid journeys through the air, so that he was present at the famous battles of Ferdinand V. in Italy, and several of those of Charles V., from which he brought correct reports within a few hours, to the place of his residence. He was proved in one case to have save saved the life of the Pope (probably Alexander VI.), by deceiving his familiar spirit or devil. The case appears to have been one quite as creditable to his *Unholiness* as to his "Holiness;" for an officer of the Pope had laid a plot to kill him, in revenge for criminal and scandalous conduct towards his wife. The demon had told the curate that the Pope was to die, and for what reason, and consented to carry him to the capital of the Christian world, as he had requested, under pretence that he wished to witness the funeral, and bring home the news by his aerial telegraph. On reaching Rome, he gave his companion the slip, went alone to the *Holy* Father, informed him of his danger, saved his life, confessed his sins and obtained an absolution, which was respected by the Spanish inquisitors when, after his return home, they proposed to "haul him over the *coals*."

But even this case of the curate of Bargota was eclipsed by that of Doctor Eugenio Torralba, who is mentioned by Cervantes in the second part of Don Quixote. He was educated at Rome, but heretical in some of his notions; and formed an intimacy with a Dominican monk called Brother Peter, who introduced him to his familiar spirit, one of the best and most orthodox demons ever known to the Inquisition, and by name Zequiel. That original demon, instead of exacting from his devotees a compact signed with blood, &c., in the usual way, held written obligations in abhorrence, and left his friends at liberty, except that no questions must be asked. Zequiel presented himself in a flesh-coloured coat and black surtout, and said to the doctor: "I will be with you all your life, and go with you wherever you go." He then accompanied him on different journeys in the form of a traveller or of a hermit; very obligingly beginning with a visit to the *moon*, showing him all its "quarters." He attended him for years in Rome and in Spain, and prophesied to him some great events which came duly to pass. In 1513, to please the Doctor, who wished to see his friend Thomas de Becara, who was in Venice, he brought the latter from that city, and carried him back again, in so short a time that he was not missed. On the 5th of May, 1515, Zequiel having informed the Doctor that Rome was about to be captured by the emperor's troops, and thus excited a desire in him to witness the scene, he then transported him through the air, and arrived in an hour from Valladolid, although they stopped several times on the way. He walked about Rome, witnessed the sack of the city and returned in an hour and a half.

All this, like what precedes and follows, was fully proved to the satisfaction of the inquisitors, who, as an English judge recently declared in the case of Achilli *versus* Newman, are "learned and pious men" and worthy of all credit. As Matthews used to say, "It is all true—what'll you lay it's a lie?"

Torralba published what he had seen, and this brought the inquisitors upon him, who, wishing to ascertain whether the spirit was a good or a bad one, whether the *medium* had a compact with him or not, for the mere love of truth, no doubt, agreed to put him to the torture, but not so severely as to kill him: for, being advanced in life, they thought he might die from such doses of their holy medicines as they administered to others. Torralba now began to change his opinion of the spirit, seeing himself in the hands of the tender-hearted inquisitors, and said that he began to suspect that he was a bad demon, for a good angel would never have brought him there.

Poor Torralba, instead of delivering lectures in Metropolitan Hall, as he certainly would have done if he had lived in our day, was long imprisoned, and appeared at the *autos de fe* in a *sanbenito*, whenever the chief inquisitors pleased so to order him. We may ask "the chief inquisitor of the United States" to tell us how much more of a republic we should have if the old system were established in America.

The records of the Spanish Inquisition were usually very minute; and after the most extravagant statements by witnesses in some of the cases above mentioned, we find added such sentences as this: "The Holy Office admitted all these things as true, and condemned Maria de Zuzaya to *relaxation*, although she seemed penitent; she was strangled, and burnt after death."

The Inquisition was abolished in Spain by the French in 1809 and many writers since have spoken of it as no longer existing. Borrowe, however, in his "Bible in Spain," gives quite a contradictory account received from an old inquisitor; and the opening of the Central Inquisition in Rome by the republicans in 1849, exposed an immense amount of correspondence with all countries, even *transatlantic republics*, from all sorts of men employed as secret agents, spies and dependents of the Inquisition.—x.

—*From The (N. Y.) Independent.*

ENGLISH ATHEISM.

It is startling to find that some of our princial men are so unconscious of the present state and tendencies of English thought on religious subjects, as our correspondence columns have lately indicated. While they start aside from an obscure phrase or an inadequate style of expression, with a displeasure as grave as is consistent with liberal and kindly natures, and lament, with dirge-like solemnity, every approach to abstract modes of thought, it seems never to have happened to them to fall in with antagonists more real and more formidable than shadows of language (which, if they veil truth at least veil falsehood also), namely, the clear, terrible, threatening shape of defined and resolute Atheism. One of our correspondents repudiates the notion that it is in any way our mission to deal with what he seems to think is *only* Continental unbelief, implying that it stands as little in our ordinary track as the Mormonite miracles, or Mrs. Elizabeth Cottle's "Book of Life." Another is too much woe-stricken at any symptoms of a "strange language," to feel the slightest alarm about the incursion of strange thoughts.

Yet at both extremities of our social scale an honest, unassuming, and avowed Atheism is unequivocally spreading with rapid, though, we trust, not sure and steady progress. It is not the licentious Atheism of the last century, the Atheism of French Encyclopædists or English scoffers, but an Atheism of quiet manners and respectable life, that after sober thought finds no sufficient grounds for any kind of religious faith, and therefore just puts it aside, and devotes itself to the obvious duties of the present life.

The most clear-sighted amongst English churchmen—Mr. Maurice and Mr. Kingsley—have long been watching this attitude of thought amongst our lower classes. The Independents have not only recognised, but attempted to confront it, by appointing a special missionary to cope with it. Are we to fortify our border-line only on the side which is turned towards orthodoxy—to warrant, indeed, our distinctive Unitarianism—but admit that the defence of our theism is rather beside our purpose, only because conversancy with the intricate and subtle difficulties to which that deeper scepticism introduces us, is thought to injure the power for practical application, and lucid statement? "Preaching the Gospel," we are surprised to find, does not involve sympathy with honest and heart-eating doubts concerning the fundamental principle of all faith, but only the clear biblical exposition of that which begins by assuming all that scepticism has any difficulty in granting. There is no doubt considerable simplicity gained by never touching the grounds of faith at all; it is easier to supply a set cut-and-dried form of Christianity, than to go out of it to understand the belief or disbelief of others, and mark the point and the reasons of our own divergency. It is a simplicity, however, which no one but ourselves appreciate—and which, if gained at all, is gained at the expense of standing wholly outside the sphere of popular want.

More than twenty years ago, careful observers were beginning to be alarmed at the mass of scepticism spreading amongst the operative class in our manufacturing towns. That class, when they begin to think on a subject, like all hardy intellect, prefer to begin at the beginning. They will not grant an assumption of any kind that they have not weighed and tested for themselves. And they were even then accustomed, as we find from a volume on the Philosophy of Atheism, lately published by Dr. Godwin, of Bradford, to weigh the objections of Hume and Mirabaud against the general belief of the religious world. The "Système de la Nature" was compared with Paley's Natural Theology, and it was not found that either mere metaphysics or mere common sense were sufficient to overcome that wide-spread doubt. This scepticism has gone on spreading more and more widely in the same class, till of late it has found a kind of organ in the "Reasoner," and a champion in an able, self-educated, and, we believe, thoroughly honest, earnest man—Mr. G. J. Holyoake. A secularist party has arisen throughout the kingdom, maintaining not so much that there is no God, as that they can find no sufficient proof that there is; but in the manufacturing districts they include amongst their number, we believe, the great majority of the artizans. They are not simply passive, but anxious assailants of religious belief; because they regard Christianity as an influence in the world, averting men's practical anxieties from this life—which alone lies within our reach—and postponing wholesome utilities to imaginary faith. They think that the arts and pleasure of life, and its secular knowledge would be far better attended to, if Christians did not waste their time and their power in thinking about immortality and dreaming of a God.

Two recent volumes of this controversy are now before us, as well as some books for children, carefully weeded of all religious tone, that the minds of young people may not be early prejudiced on behalf of faith. These people believe, that, however startling may be the origin of such a world without a mind, however wonderful the beauty of nature, and the character of man; there is no less wonder than there would be in the existence of a God who never speaks to his creatures now; who, beside the difficulty involved to us in the mere notion of self-existence, uses his Omnipotence only to veil Himself from our present view, and gives no token to His children that He is near them, even when they ask anxiously about Him, from one another, and shudder at their own desolation. This, to them, seems the most incredible of all incredibilities; so they take refuge in the thought that, after all, the mighty power of Nature is not a conscious one, and could not make a sign to us, if it would; that our minds are but the highest fruit and fairest bloom of an energy that then first became spiritual when it issued in the organization of man, and ceases to be spiritual when that organization drops into decay. "And so from "hour to hour we ripe and ripe, and so from hour to "hour we rot and rot, and thereby hangs a tale," a tale which only man is privileged to tell, though its theme is a power which he cannot control. Now the remark to which we wish to draw attention in connection with this subject is this, that all attempts to overcome this kind of doubt have failed, which have proceeded on merely historical or merely intellectual grounds. We have, before us, a controversy between Mr. Holyoake and a man apparently pious, earnest, and learned, the Rev. Mr. Townley, formerly a missionary in India, conducted in a spirit so serious, friendly and thoughtful, that it is a model which the present flippant assailant of this kind of unbelief, the Rev. Brewin Grant (who goes about everywhere "exposing" the Secularists), would do well to imitate. Yet it only failed in its desired purpose (all controversies do) but the reader feels that it failed, and that if Theism depends on the grounds there advanced, God's existence would at best be an admissible hypothesis, not quite so probable perhaps as the Nebular theory. Mr. Townley never hints at the fact that man has a conscience, never touches the states of mind in which the existence of a moral governor of the universe is implied. And yet we believe it is an indisputable fact that, in the history of the world, a profound sense of moral obligation has never been associated with doubt of God's rule. A deep sense of sin, a fine and inward conception of duty affecting every secret of the heart, and impressing thought and feeling as well as action with searching power, has never yet been combined with doubts of a spiritual world and an invisible Lord.

It is so in this case. Mr. Holyoake avows honestly enough a theory of purely external morality, estimated by utility of visible result. And it is surely not wonderful that it is so. There is no attitude of mind in which we are placed in direct relation with a being *above* us, except that in which we choose our own path of life, while an invisible power indicates the only way which we can choose without a weight upon our spirits, without a heavy hand upon our hearts. This is the one fact of life utterly inconsistent with the theory of universal forces which attain their highest result in man, and yet the one fact to the illustration of which, because it is difficult and intricate, we are told that religious culture may be wisely indifferent. A man who believes in moral obligation, and refuses to surrender that belief at the bidding of specious theory, or dull incredulity, *cannot* think man a product of physical laws, which allow no choice, and make no appeal to us for an obedience which cannnot be refused; yet, if there be no power beneath, which is adequate to produce such an experience, it must be to a power above us that we are to attribute that moral siege of the human spirit which is never raised until the obedience is yielded and the duty done.

But this is not the place for discussing moral theories, except so far as to present to our readers the very great importance of a culture, which will alone give the key to the most terrible and the most systematic disbelief of the present day.

Are we prepared to let such lessons as the following be widely disseminated among the working classes, without making any effort to resist the teachers who honestly inculcate them? We quote from a little book put forth by this party, entitled the "Child's First Reading-book:"

"*Alice*—Where do Robins come from?

"*Mother*—Robins come from little eggs, like flowers come from little seeds.

"*Alice*—What makes the seeds?

"*Mother*—It is hard to tell. Nobody can tell everything.

"*Alice*—Does nobody know?

"*Mother*—Some people say they do, but I cannot tell.

"*Alice*—Shall I ever know?

"*Mother*—I do not think you will, but you can try when you grow up, if you like."

This may seem trivial enough, but it is not trivial as a system of prevailing thought. And if we are to neglect this school, it will soon be in a position to neglect us.

In conclusion, we must say that it is most unfair to represent our efforts to maintain Ethical philosophy as a constituent element in our College course, as in any way intended to depreciate the strictly theological branches of learning. They are already provided for. No "leaders" are required to recommend Ecclesiastical history and Biblical Criticism to the Trustees of Manchester New College, and it would be absurd to spend time on recommending what no one ever thought of omitting. We speak exclusively of ethical culture, only because there is danger of its being otherwise exclusively neglected. We engage to withdraw all these one-sided claims on our readers' attention as soon as there shall be no reason to fear that it is the one side which they are desirous to ignore.

In the meantime we must say that we have little sympathy with that excessive dread of obscurity in young men's minds, which seems to affect so painfully some of our correspondents. No doubt language is the instrument of thought, and to make it dark is to injure its utility. But is there no greater danger than that of its being an *imperfect* instrument of thought? May it not become the instrument of the absence of thought? For our own parts, we are not discouraged by finding that an inexperienced mind, in dealing with deep subjects, does not gain an easy and speedy mastery over the difficulties of expression. This is not always true only of the young. Mr. Kell quotes with some emphasis the case of "Saul of Tarsus," as peculiarly illustrative of that simplicity of style which belongs to religious power. No doubt, in questions of practical piety, Paul's writings have all the simplicity as well as the fervour of a master-mind. But we doubt whether, if he were living now, and had addressed his epistle to the Galatians or the Romans, to Mr. Kell's congregation at Southampton, that body would have been willing to admit the especial simplicity of his style. John's Gospel certainly cannot be quoted as a model for religious teachers of the present day, without giving us a warrant for sounding spiritual depths to an extent far from conducive to easy understanding. Will Mr. Murch consent to associate the name of the beloved disciple with those of Kant,* Carlyle, and Emerson; not of course, similarity in their doctrine or subject, in which those excellent men differ from each other as widely as they differ from John himself, but simply as affording a common pleasure to mystical minds? The truth is, that every honest and simple mind desires to express itself with all the directness and simplicity it can command. But in touching great subjects, all men, more especially the young, are liable to be mastered by their theme, instead of mastering it. Yet we have more hope and more right to hope for good results from those who do, at least, grapple themselves with truth, and even occasionally lose their footing in the struggle, than from those who, even in the appropriate day of abstract thought, the years of opening life, remain on the level of universally received opinion, and never say anything that is unintelligible, because they are content to put forth what they have never made their own—to distribute truths, as they would distribute tracts which have reached them from safe quarters, and which therefore they feel it their duty to endorse. It it quite certain that no one can reach the heart of the present scepticism, without entering regions of thought which will seem at first obscure, and which may therefore impart an unpremeditated obscurity to all first attempts at utterance.—*The (London) Inquirer.*

* We abandon the fantastic phraseology of Emerson and Carlyle to any critics willing to spend time on attacking it. But we must protest against this taking of Kant's name in vain by those who, we suspect, know nothing about him. His subjects were certainly abstruse, and never intended for the popular ear. But his style is dry and direct even to baldness.

"BOZZY."

"It is one of the strangest phenomena of the past century, that at a time when the old reverent feeling of Discipleship (such as brought men from far countries, with rich gifts and prostrate soul, to the feet of the Prophets) had passed utterly away from men's practical experience, and was no longer surmised to exist (as it does), perennial, indestructible, in man's inmost heart—James Boswell should have been the individual, of all others, predestined to recall it, in such singular guise, to the wondering, and, for a long while, laughing and unrecognising world. It has been commonly said, The man's vulgar vanity was all that attached him to Johnson; he delighted to be seen near him, to be thought connected with him. Now let it be at once granted that no consideration springing out of vulgar vanity could well be absent from the mind of James Boswell, in this his intercourse with Johnson, or in any considerable transaction of his life. At the same time, ask yourself: Whether such vanity, and nothing else, actuated him therein; whether this was the true essence and moving principle of the phenomenon, or not rather its outward vesture, and the accidental environment (and defacement) in which it came to light? The man was, by nature and habit, vain; a sycophant-coxcombe, be it granted: but had there been nothing more than vanity in him, was Samuel Johnson the man of men to whom he must attach himself? At the date when Johnson was a poor rusty-coated 'scholar,' dwelling in Temple-lane, and indeed throughout their whole intercourse afterwards, were there not chancellors and prime ministers enough; graceful gentlemen, the glass of fashion; honour-giving nobleman; dinner-giving rich-men; renowned fire-eaters, swordsmen, gownsmen; Quacks and Realities of all hues—any one of whom bulked much larger in the world's eye than Johnson ever did? To any of whom, by half that submissiveness and assiduity, our Bozzy might have recommended himself; and have sat there, the envy of surrounding lickspittles; pocketing now solid emolument, swallowing now well-cooked viands and wines of rich vintage: in each case, also, shone on by some glittering reflex of Renown or Notoriety, so as to be observed of innumerable observers. To no one of whom, however, though otherwise a most diligent solicitor and purveyor, did he so attach himself: such vulgar courtierships were his paid drudgery, or leisure amusement; the worship of Johnson was his grand, ideal, voluntary business. Does not the frothy-hearted yet enthusiastic man, doffing his Advocate's-wig, regularly take post, and hurry up to London, for the sake of his sage chiefly; as to a feast of Tabernacles, the Sabbath of his whole year? The plate-licker and wine-bibber dives into Bolt-Court, to sip muddy coffee with a cynical old man, and a sour tempered blind old woman (feeling the cups, whether they are full, with her finger); and patiently endures contradictions without end; too happy so he may but be allowed to listen and live. Nay, it does not appear that vulgar vanity could ever have been much flattered by Boswell's relation to Johnson. Mr. Croker says, Johnson was, to the last, little regarded by the great world; from which, for a vulgar vanity, all honour, as from its fountain descends. Bozzy, even among Johnson's friends and special admirers, seems rather to have been laughed at than envied: his officious, whisking, consequential ways, the daily reproofs and rebuffs he underwent, could gain from the world no golden but only leaden opinions. His devout Discipleship seemed nothing more than a mean Spanielship, in the general eye. His mighty 'constellation,' or sun, round whom he, as satellite, observantly gyrated, was, for the mass of men, but a huge ill-snuffed tallow-light, and he a weak night-moth, circling foolishly, dangerously about it, not knowing what he wanted. If he enjoyed Highland dinners and toasts, as henchman to a new sort of chettian, Henry Erskine, in the domestic 'Outer House,' could hand him a shilling 'for the sight of his Bear.' Doubtless the man was laughed at, and often heard himself laughed at, for his Johnsonism. To be envied is the grand and sole aim of vulgar vanity; to be filled with good things is that of sensuality: for Johnson perhaps no man living *envied* poor Bozzy; and of good things (except himself paid for them) their was no vestige in that acquaintanceship. Had nothing other or better than vanity and sensuality been there, Johnson and Boswell had never come together, or had soon and finally separated again.

"In fact, the so copious terrestrial dross that welters chaotically, as the outer sphere of this man's character, does but render for us more remarkable, more touching, the celestial spark of goodness, of light, and Reverance for Wisdom, which dwelt in the interior, and could struggle through such encumbrances, and in some degree illuminate and beautify them. There is much lying yet undeveloped in the love of Boswell for Johnson. A cheering proof, in a time which else utterly wanted and still wants such, that living Wisdom is quite *infinitely* precious to man, is the symbol of the Godlike to him, which even weak eyes may discern; that Loyalty, Discipleship, all that was ever meant by *Hero-worship*, lives perennially in the human bosom, and waits, even in these dead days, only for occasions to unfold it, and inspire all men with it, and again make the world alive! James Boswell we can regard as a practical witness, or real *martyr*, to this high everlasting truth. A wonderful martyr, if you will; and in a time which made such martrydom doubly wonderful: yet the time and its martyr perhaps suited each other. For a decrepit, death-sick Era, when Cant had first decisively opened her poison-breathing lips to proclaim that God-worship and Mammon-worship were one and the same, that Life was a *Lie*, and the Earth Beelzebub's, which the *Supreme Quack* should inherit; and so all things were fallen into the yellow leaf, and fast hastening to noisome corruption: for such an Era, perhaps no better Prophet than a parti-coloured Zany-Prophet, concealing, from himself and others, his prophetic significance in such unexpected vestures—was deserved, or would have been in place. A precious medicine lay hidden in floods of coarsest, most composite treacle: the world swallowed the treacle, for it suited the world's palate; and now, after half a century, may the medicine also begin to show itself! James Boswell belonged, in his corruptible part, to the lowest classes of mankind: a foolish, inflated creature, swimming in an element of self-conceit: but ir. his corruptible there dwelt an incorruptible, all the more impressive and indubitable for the strange lodging it had taken."—*Carlyle.*

The *Home Journal* thus speaks of and describes the creatures "in male attire" who infest all meetings with a reformatory purpose in New York, and whose latest outrage was committed against the Woman's Rights Convention recently held here:

We spent an hour in the Tabernacle, during one of the last sessions of the Woman's Rights Convention, and beheld the most disgusting exhibition of rowdyism it is possible to imagine. Mrs. Lucretia Mott, a venerable looking woman, in the Quaker costume, presided; two ladies were seated at a table on the platform, performing apparently, the duties of secretaries. Half a dozen other ladies were also seated on that elevated place, of whom only two were dressed in Bloomers. A lady was reading from the desk an address on the subject of Woman's rights and wrongs—somewhat vague in character, somewhat ambitious in style, but a very amiable, and perfectly harmless production. Her voice and manner were those of a refined lady. The floor of the house was occupied by a most respectable and rather rustic-looking audience, who listened, when they could, with attention. But in the gallery were stationed about fifty of those excruciating bipeds, who are called "men-about-town"—creatures who wear extremely white and fine Panama hats with wrinkles in them, exceedingly thick gold chains, astonishing pantaloons and most glossy boots. They may be seen, on fine afternoons, standing about certain bar-rooms in Broadway, and passers-by wonder who they are, what they do, and how they get the money for the Panamas and gold chains; but nobody knows. They would be ornamental objects to the street, if they could hide their faces—their indescribable-faces—in which an expression of sensuous cunning is all that remains of intelligence. Fifty of these erect beasts of prey had evidently formed the great design of silencing the ladies, and they did it. To every creature nature has given its peculiar cries and its peculiar weapon, and to these singular beings as well as the rest. On this occasion, they yelled and screamed, and bellowed and hissed, and uttered obscene things. Not a policeman interfered. We wondered why those stout countrymen did not go into the gallery, and quietly choke the pitiful life out of those daintily dressed bodies, and rid the world of them. But they did not; and so the wretches triumphed, and the city was again disgraced. The spectacle was enough to bring over ever decent person present to the Woman's Rights doctrines, out of pure indignation at such opposition. It is wonderful that the more intelligent abettors of these proceedings do not perceive that such cowardly infringement on the right of a public assembly, imparts, at once, a vast accession of dignity and power to the opinions with which it is identified. But the ladies have gone, and we must endeavour to regain our usual serenity of temper.

The Chinese Revolution is, in all respects, the greatest revolution the world has yet seen. In mere magnitude it comprises a population equal to all Europe and all America put together. It unites the chief features of all the changes that stand out in the history of the world. As a destruction of temples and idols, and a total change of religion, it recalls to us the early ages of the Christian Church, and those latter times when the northern nations embraced Christianity in masses. As the extermination of a people, it compares with the great conflicts of races, the eruptions, fusions, expulsions, and returns that occupy the earliest pages of authentic history, and resumed their prominence on the decline and fall of Rome. As a total change of system, and an opening of China to foreigners, it so far does in a day the usually slow work of modern civilization. This mighty change has come so fast on us that we have not yet realized its consequences. So great is the distance of China, and so small the sympathy between it and the rest of the world, that the Emperor of China ranks in figure of speech with his alleged brother of the moon, as a being who knows nothing, and of whom nothing is known in this our sphere, and with whom we have no imaginable concern. In a moment that wall is thrown down, that gulf is filled up, and that veil is rent asunder. China has hitherto been the very type of all that is unchangable, formal, and slavish; all of a sudden it not only yields, but absolutely falls to pieces at a foreign impulse. But the most marvellous feature of the revolution remains. The means are utterly insignificant. The chief agent appears to be a person who has received some instruction from a missionary, and whose conduct or apparent motives were such that the missionary refused to baptise him. In fact, he seemed to be a mere charlatan. On comparing his success with the failure of another pretender nearer home, it certainly occurs to us that Mr. Provis has mistaken his sphere, and that if he had made a dash for the throne of China he might have succeeded. The huge balloon collapsed at the prick of a needle. There is an old saying that everything has a handle, if we only know where to find it. For ages it has been the complaint of the civilized world that China had no handle. We could not get at it, or into it, or to do anything with it. The result shows that there was a way, nevertheless, for somebody has found it. He has pronounced "Open, Sesame," and the everlasting hinges begin to creak, the huge gates begin to turn, the deep recesses of ancient empire are opened to light, we enter, and China becomes part of the world.

Why, in a couple of years we shall all be going to China. The last mail left Hong Kong on the 10th of July, and arrived here on the 27th of August, doing it in forty-eight days; and there is every prospect of the time being much shortened. People are tired of Europe, now that it is railroaded, handbooked, and "opened up," as the phrase is, to its very back bone. Moscow has been burnt; Petersburg is a city of arsenals and palaces; Constantinople, we have been lately told, is a city of wooden boxes; Athens is a bad Herne Bay; Germany has been so often scoured out by its thirty years' wars and its seven years' wars that its cities have nothing to show; Berlin is a poor imitation of Paris; Munich is in pieces, fresh painted, and not yet put together; Paris everybody has seen over and over again; and these are the best—the rest are nowhere. But there is something new in China—something genuine and undiscovered, It is undoubtedly great, ancient, curious and original. So in a couple of years we shall all be running to the Chinese Consulate in Leadenhall street, or Bucklersbury to get our Foreign-office passport *vised* by a gentleman with small eyes, high-cheeked bones, and yellow skin, but without a tail, and dressed like everybody else in the city. Those who don't wish to be the pioneers of the grand stream of British tourists may wait another twelvemonth, and Mr. Murray will have by that time a Handbook of China, or perhaps Northern China with Japan, and Southern China with the Indian Archipelago. A column of indomitable John Bulls, with their carpet bags, and in that unmistakeable costume which denotes the nation all over the world, will force its way up all the rivers, over all the mountains, and along all the canals, till the great wall of China is surmounted by English ladies' maids and English parasols. What splendid hotels we shall have at Pekin, and what incessant jokes at the exploded peculiarities of Celestial cookery. In a few years every lad of twenty will have "done" China, and will have his budget of stories of Chinese couriers, commissionaries, caps and custom houses. What letters shall we have complaining of hotel charges and imposition on travellers, for John Chinaman is a bit of a rogue, and so like the majority of Christians that it is wonderful why he is not one of them. In ten years time we shall know much more of China than we now know of Russia, or shall know within fifty years.

Then what a country for railways, canals, gas companies, water companies, and all sorts of investments! The Chinese pay most admirably. The effort of discharging the opium ransom has contributed to the present revolution by the exhaustion of the treasury. The people have always been ready to adopt whatever improvements the jealousy of their Tartar rulers permitted them to import; and it appears, on the authority of Jesuit and other writers two hundred years ago, that aversion to change is not an original element of the Chinese character. We shall have steamers without end on the great rivers before long, with Chinese engineers and with Chinese engines. The amount of internal travelling in China is such, that we are assured, by those who have managed to penetrate into the interior, that there are continuous streams of travellers on horse, on foot, and on litters, from Canton to the great wall, some fifteen hundred miles—in many parts so crowded as to impede one another, and even in the mountain passes so numerous as to leave no traveller out of sight of others before and behind. Among these are long lines of merchandise. What a case of railway traffic! Our children may see China as much a network of railways as England itself. This is not mere speculation on the possible consequences of change, for it is evident that the successful insurgents are as disposed to invoke the aid of progress and civilization as defensive auxiliaries against the tyrannical bigotry of the Mantchoos, as the latter were always disposed to rely on the fixedness of their institutions. It is felt that the most effectual way to seal the exclusion of the Tartars, and prevent them ever getting head again in China, is to revolutionize the country as much as possible, and as far as is consistent with a strict moral code. That our new relations with China will be without trouble we do not imagine, for the religion of the conquerers is one which we cannot claim as identical with our own; but, at all events, a very injurious and unnatural state of things is removed; the Chinese population is no longer imprisoned within its walls and shores, and we shall now no longer be stopped at the threshold of the empire.—*London Times, Aug. 30th.*

LITERARY RELICS.

The house in which Milton resided between the years 1651 and 1659, existed only a few years back at number 18 York-street, Westminster, London. Jeremy Betham, to whom the house lately belonged, put up a tablet on the back wall (believed to have been the front in the poet's time), inscribed, "Sacred to Milton, prince of poets." This habitation, wherein part of "Paradise Lost" was undoubtedly composed, was at the time we allude to rented to two or three poor families, the ground floor being converted into a chandler's shop. From the parlour windows the poet could have commanded a view of St. James's Park, more picturesque then than at present. At Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, is another residence of Milton's, in which he commenced "Paradise Regained." Though the pear-tree said to be planted by Cromwell, in Sidney College, Cambridge, was cut down in March, 1833, the mulberry-tree planted by his illustrious Latin secretary, Milton, has been more fortunate, still flourishing in the pleasant garden of Christ's College, where it was planted by the youthful student.

Some years ago it suffered considerably from a violent gale of wind, which sadly shatterred it; but its aged boughs were carefully propped up, and its trunk protected by a partial covering of lead. With these aids it promised to look green for many years to come. Its fertility appeared to have undergone no change; in the summer it was laden with fruit, of which more than two bushels of the finest flavour were gathered in the season of 1835. The smallest fragments from this tree were religiously cherished by the poet's numerous admirers. In August, 1790, when Milton's coffin was discovered buried under the desk in the chancel of the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, some friends of the overseer contrived, at night-time, to possess themselves of the hair and some of the teeth of the immortal poet.

In the grounds of Abbington Abbey, Northamptonshire, stands Garrick's mulberry-tree, with this inscription upon copper attached to one of its limbs: "This tree was planted by David Garrick, Esq., at the request of Ann Thursby, as a growing testimony of their friendship. 1778."

Henry Kirke White's favourite tree, whereon he had cut "H. K. W., 1805," stood on the sands at Whitton, in Northumberland, till it was cut down by the woodman's axe; but in veneration for the poet's memory, the portion bearing his initials was carefully preserved in an elegant gilt frame.

Some years ago, a curious arm-chair, which had belonged to Gay, the poet, was sold at public auction at Branstaple, his native place. It contained a drawer underneath the seat, at the extremity of which was a smaller drawer, connected with a rod in front, by which it was drawn out.

Benjamin Franklin's "fine crab-tree walking-stick, with a gold head, curiously wrought in the form of a cap of liberty," we all know was bequeathed, in a codicil to his will, "to the friend of mankind, General Washington;" adding, "that if it had been a sceptre, he has merited it, and would become it." General Washington has a name beyond the price of sceptres.

Pope's house at Binfield has been pulled down, but the poet's parlor still exists as a part of the present mansion erected on the spot. A patch of the great forest near Binfield has been honourably preserved, under the name of Pope's Wood. His house at Twickenham is gone, the garden is bare, but the celebrated grotto remains, stript, however, of all that gave it picturesqueness, grace, and beauty.

Cowper's house, at Olney, is still standing, in the same ruinous state so humerously described by the poet; his parlour is occupied as a girls' school. The summer-house in the garden, in which he used to sit conning his verses, also remains, its walls covered with visitors' names. His residence is in the neighbouring village of Weston has been much altered, but is still beautiful, with a profusion of roses in it.

Goldsmith's cottage at Kilburn, wherein he wrote the Vicar of Wakefield and the deserted Village, was taken down a few years ago, to make way for new buildings.—*Boston Transcript.*

THOMAS PAINE.

In the Autobiography of John Adams we learn some facts in relation to Thomas Paine—or Tom Paine, as usually written—not generally known.

Mr. Adams says, in relation to the pamphlet "Common Sense," which is now so much praised by Mr. Paine's admirers who celebrate his birthday, that it did but little good to the cause which it espoused. He remarks: "He probably converted some to the doctrine of independence, and gave others an excuse for declaring in favour of it. But these would all have followed Congress with zeal; and, on the other hand, it excited many writers against it, particularly 'Plain Truth,' who contributed very largely to fortify and influence the party against independence, and finally lost us the Allens, Penns, and many others of weight in the community."

Mr. Adams gives him no credit for originality in its production, and says: "He came from England, and got into such company as would converse with him, and ran about picking up what information he could concerning our affairs; and finding the great question was concerning independence, he gleaned from those he saw the commonplace arguments—such as the necessity of independence at some time or other; the peculiar fitness at this time; the justice of it; our ability to maintain it, &c., &c. Dr. Rush put him upon writing on the subject, furnished him with the arguments which had been urged in Congress a hundred times, and gave him his title of 'Common Sense.'"

Mr. Adams, though he doubted whether Mr. Paine's pamphlet had accomplished any good, still felt obliged to him for what he then supposed to be his good intentions. For that reason, and because, to use his own language, "I saw he had capacity and a ready pen; and understanding that he was poor and destitute, I thought we might put him into some employment where he might be useful and earn a living. Congress appointed a Committee on Foreign Affairs not long after, and wanted a clerk. I nominated Thomas Paine, supposing him a ready writer and an industrious man. Dr. Witherspoon, the President of New Jersey College, and then a Delegate from that State, rose and objected to it with an earnestness that surprised me. The Doctor said he would give his reasons: he knew the man and his communications; when he first came over he was on the other side, and had written pieces against the American cause; that he had afterwards been employed by his friend Robert Aikin, and finding the tide of popularity run rapidly, he had turned about; that he was very intemperate, and could not write until he had quickened his thoughts with large draughts of rum and water; that he was, in short, a bad character, and not fit to be placed in such a situation."

All these charges were afterwards proven to be true.—*Indianapolis Morning Journal.*

DE QUINCEY.

Thomas De Quincey, we hold to be the greatest of English prose writers. We are not in the habit of making such assertions lightly, and will presently endeavour to limit the sense of the phrase to such precision as will correspond with our full meaning; but at the outset we strike the key-note of admiration, and beg the reader to consider that all our remarks are made in reference to the very highest standards, such as the commanding excellence of De Quincey's writing claims from all. It may not be unnecessary to add, that we have no personal bias whatever, except such bias as may arise from a friendship formed during some years of delighted intercourse with his *writings*; a bias which is, in itself, a criticism, since whence did this feeling grow, but out of the very excellence of those writings?

There is something paradoxical in this announcement of a great writer, and the sort of apology for calling him one, which is not without its significance, and will lead to an explanation of the fact that De Quincey, although bearing a "charmed name" to most literary men, and having also his passionate admirers, is not popular in any degree commensurate with the splendour of his attainments, and the popular nature of his style. He has no commanding position in English Literature. He fills but small space in the public estimation. He is scarcely known to foreigners. With a style such as no Englishman ever equalled, with enormous learning—enormous in its extent and curiosity—with unusual power of severe and subtle thinking, with taste the most delicate and catholic, De Quincey has little influence on his age: is the centre of no circle. Like Landor, in this, as in some other respects, he has talents no one can deny, with a deficiency which frustrates all adequate success. At his birth the fairies endowed him with the most splendid gifts; there was one present, however, whose gift was a curse. *They* gave him an Intellect, magnificently equipped; *she* made it a vacillating Intellect, by